

PENTHOUSE



THE PURSUIT OF PERFECTION ISSUE

PET OF
THE YEAR
LAYLA
SIN

NINETIES FLASHBACK:
HOWARD STERN'S
LESBIAN PICTORIAL

PLUS COLLEGE "LIBRARY GIRL"
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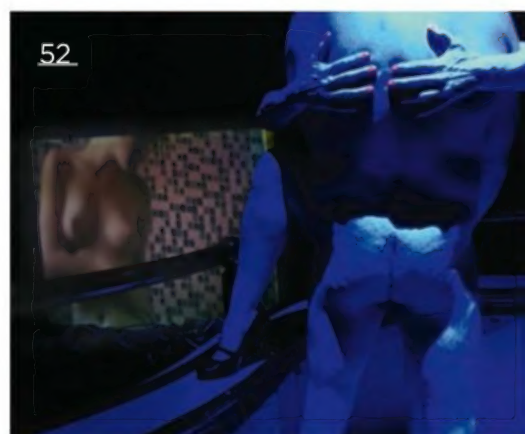
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EDITOR'S NOTE



Our 2015 Pet of the Year, Layla Sin (top); Pet of the Month Kendra Sunderland (above left); one of our favorite "got your back" babes, *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.*'s Melinda May (above right).



OUR 2015 PET OF THE YEAR

We're delighted to announce that our Queen for the next year will be the charming and charismatic **Layla Sin**. We dubbed the 30-year-old Israeli "sinfully sexy" when she was our August 2014 Pet of the Month, and she's only gotten hotter. As Pet of the Year, she'll be representing the Penthouse brand at appearances and events, as well as in these pages and online, but first up is her brand-new photo set (page 86). We took the luscious lady to sea, and she shows off her assets from bow to stern, from deck to engine room.... And in our Pet Cougar Confidential column, we catch up with 1983 Pet of the Year **Sheila Kennedy**, one of the most popular Pets of all time (page 98).

THE PURSUIT OF PERFECTION


Celebrating the Pet of the Year is only the beginning. This special issue is all about finding the flawless and faultless. We name movies that can't be improved, pop songs that define the form, comebacks that are the kind of clever we can only dream of, moments in sports that are certified perfection, truly epic pranks and crimes, and inventions that changed the world in ways big and small (page 40).

This issue also features the triumphant tale of one sex reporter, **Grant Stoddard**, who went in search of the perfect threesome (page 82); our Scoundrel's suggestions of where a man might meet tens to date (page 25); a list of babes capable of providing perfect backup (page 46); and a look back at **Jamie Lee Curtis**, the 1980s—and current—movie star with the perfect body (page 142).

SWINGING FOR THE STARS

You may not have heard of swingers parties at adult movie theaters and stores, but you'll want to read every word of **Mike McPadden's** report on the growing nationwide phenomenon (page 52). Just promise you'll finish checking out this issue before you race to your computer to search for a list of upcoming events.

LIBRARY GIRL, AND SO MUCH MORE

The core of each issue of *Penthouse* is the sexy sirens, and this one is no exception. Our Pet of the Month is the fun and flirty **Kendra Sunderland**, who set the nation aflame with lust when video of her teasing and masturbating for the camera in her campus library went viral (page 64).... We continue our retrospective series of pictorials with a look back at the girl-on-girl set that **Howard Stern** directed back in 1997. When we began to celebrate our 50th brand anniversary by inviting pop-culture icons to direct a pictorial, we approached Stern (of course!). While he didn't have time to accept the challenge now, he did Pop Shots before there was Pop Shots. We revisit the supersexy results of his shoot with 1994 Pet of the Year Runner-Up **Leslie Glass** and April 1997 Pet of the Month **Heather Kelly** (page 31).... Our Point Blank feature showcasing up-and-coming photographers boasts the work of **Mikhail Paramonov**, a Russian photog known for his sultry nudes (page 48).... And we get red-hot twice, with April 2013 Australian Pet of the Month **Scarlett Morgan** (page 122), and the adventurous girl-girl antics of **Scarlet** and **Staci** (page 104). Enjoy! 

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XXXcess Baggage



My friends call me a hoarder, but I don't think I am. Though I do have a beautiful walk-in closet that I can't use because it's filled with stuff that I can't bring myself to throw away, like gifts from old boyfriends, stuff from college, even toys from my childhood. But I knew I needed help when I nearly tripped over a pile of shoes that should have been stored in the closet.

I finally reached out to my friend April. She used to model and still walks as if she owns the world. I love her take-charge attitude. She's the most unsentimental person I know, and she's ruthless when it comes to tossing things. Her condo looks spartan by my standards, but I'd hoped we'd be able to compromise.

April arrived bright and early on Saturday morning with lattes, croissants, and a huge box of trash bags. She handed me the food and drinks and went straight to the bedroom. April opened the biggest box and began pulling out various items, asking me what they were and why I'd kept them. I was able to make a case for retaining some things, but others she relegated to the junk pile.

When April pulled out a bag I'd completely forgotten about, I sud-

The spanking stopped, and I felt April's fingers fucking me and moving over my sweet spot.

denly remembered what it held. I tried to grab it from her, but April stands a good six inches over me and she easily moved it out of my reach.

"Now you've piqued my curiosity, and I just have to see what's in here," she said, flashing me a quick smile. When she unzipped the bag and looked inside, she did a double take—from the bag to me and back.

"Who'd have thought it?" she said, laughing as she pulled out a set of fuzzy handcuffs, a paddle, silk ropes and scarves, ankle cuffs, and everything else I thought I'd never have use for again.

"Spill," she said. "I know they're yours, so who used them on you?"

"An old boyfriend," I admitted.

"Haven't used them in years."

"You kept them, so I know you enjoyed it," she said. "Why don't we see how much?"

I felt that familiar thrill I used to get when my ex-boyfriend said I'd been bad. When I knew he was going to punish me. When I knew I wanted him to discipline me for some minor infraction. I backed out of the closet and into the bedroom and waited for April to show me the error of my ways.

"I guess it's up to me to punish you for keeping such a messy closet, Lily," she said. "Take off your clothes and get on the bed."

"Yes, April." With shaking hands, I stripped off my clothes and climbed on the bed, waiting for instructions.

"Get on your knees, facing the headboard, Lily."

I did as she said, and she bound my wrists together with one of the silk ties. Then she used a scarf to blindfold me. I loved not knowing what was coming next and realized how much I'd missed having someone I trusted take control. If anyone could do right by me, it was April.

I felt her hand slip between my legs and knew she would feel how wet I was. She'd know how much I wanted this. I tried to push down on her hand and she snatched it away, reminding me that I was not to move or come unless she gave me permission. Then I felt the first stinging strike against my right ass cheek. Another to my left. Right, left, right, left. My juices began running down my thighs, and I wanted to rub them together as she rained blows with the paddle. I moaned and keened and felt the orgasm building within me. Then the spanking stopped, and I felt April's fingers push into my cunt, fucking me and moving over my sweet spot. It was so hot, I felt that if she didn't let me come I'd die.

"You're a bad, messy girl, Lily," she said as her fingers moved in and out. "But you can come now."

I screamed out my release as April swirled her skilled fingers inside me. I cried and came and came and came, and finally collapsed against the bed. April released my bonds and removed my blindfold. I felt wrung out, but so good.

"I think we can agree to keep your little bag of goodies, correct?" she asked.

"Whatever you say, April," I answered.—*L.S., California*

More letters on page 132

Forum letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of Penthouse. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or Penthouse Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

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Hot Pursuit



This buddy movie follows an uptight cop (Reese Witherspoon) who's on a mission to safely transport a sexy widow (Sofia Vergara) so she can testify against a drug cartel. Needless to say, things go awry. Witherspoon and Vergara make a surprisingly good comedic duo, and there's even some girl-on-girl action—although, we're sorry to report, it's painfully awkward and strictly for laughs. Still, Sofia Vergara on the big screen! If your girl suggests this for date night, go along for the ride.

By Kara Wahlgren

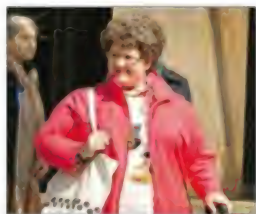
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Avengers: Age of Ultron

To call this sequel “highly anticipated” is the very definition of understatement—the original is the third-highest-grossing film ever, and considered by many to be the best comic-book movie of all time, so expectations are pretty freaking high. Given Marvel Studio’s recent track record, we’re pretty sure the sequel will deliver. In it, Tony Stark tries to activate a peacekeeping artificial-intelligence robot called Ultron, but the plan backfires when Ultron decides the best way to keep peace on Earth is to destroy the humans. We’re guessing this is already on your must-see list, but here’s a bonus: If you’re a die-hard fan with some free time on your hands, AMC and Regal Cinemas will be running a 27-hour Marvel marathon a couple of days before *Ultron*’s release.



Spy

Melissa McCarthy stars as a timid CIA analyst who’s spent her career sitting behind a desk. But when the agency needs someone invisible enough to infiltrate an arms dealer’s operation, she’s the dowdy girl for the job. Paul Feig—who worked with McCarthy on *The Heat* and *Bridesmaids*—directs and wrote the screenplay, so odds are good that it’ll be slapstick gold.



San Andreas

This epic earthquake movie imagines the devastation that would/will occur if/when “the big one” hits California. (Quick geography recap for *Grand Theft Auto* aficionados: San Andreas is the real-life fault line that runs through Cali.) Dwayne Johnson stars as a rescue-chopper pilot on a mission to save his daughter—played by Alexandra Daddario, aka the hottest thing about *True Detective*—before an even bigger catastrophe occurs. Even if the plot hits a little close to home, it’s bound to be explosive fun.



Mad Max: Fury Road

This is the fourth installment in the *Mad Max* franchise, but the first in three decades, and we’re hoping it reverts back to the fun of the first two films, not the over-the-top ridiculousness of *Beyond Thunderdome*. Tom Hardy stars as Max, who’s roaming the Australian outback after losing his wife and son. He teams up with a woman trying to cross the wasteland to return to her childhood home (Charlize Theron). Original director George Miller is back at the helm, so have no fear: This postapocalyptic road trip will be packed with insane stunts and mind-blowing special effects.

A Blu-ray release of the original film features new interviews and—for fans who pre-order from Shout! Factory—delivery two weeks before the official release and a limited-edition poster.



Aloha

Fun fact: This Cameron Crowe romantic comedy was originally called *Deep Tiki*, before they settled on this much-less-pornographic-sounding title. Bradley Cooper stars as a military contractor whose career is in the shitter before he gets assigned to oversee a satellite launch in Hawaii. There, he reconnects with his ex (Rachel McAdams), falls for an Air Force pilot (Emma Stone), and attempts to salvage his professional reputation. Oh, and Bill Murray’s in it. Need we say more?



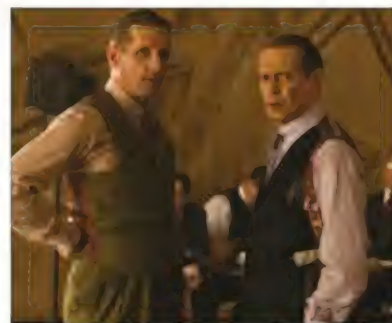
The Late Show With David Letterman finale

The longest-running late-night host in history is finally stepping down. (And unlike a certain former rival, we're not expecting him to snatch his old job back in a year.) The guest list for the grand finale is still under wraps, but we're hoping to see some of his long-time friends and frenemies—Oprah? Regis Philbin? Julia Roberts? Tom Hanks? Drew Barrymore?—stop by to bid farewell.



Wayward Pines

We're trying to remain cautiously optimistic about this mid-season event series, in which Matt Dillon plays a Secret Service agent who ends up in small-town Idaho while searching for two missing agents. On one hand, there's buzz that the ten-episode thriller could be the best TV mystery since *Twin Peaks*. On the other hand, executive producer M. Night Shyamalan has let us down before (*Lady in the Water* or *The Last Airbender*, anyone?). Let's hope it's more *Unbreakable* than *The Village*.



Boardwalk Empire: The Complete Series

From the Martin Scorsese-directed pilot episode to the shocking series finale, this HBO show about a corrupt Atlantic City politician who dabbles in organized crime had us hooked. Now, all five seasons are available as a Blu-ray collection. Along with all the bonus content from previous releases, the box set will include an extra disc full of featurettes, including loads of behind-the-scenes info from the cast and crew. If you need more Nucky in your life, here's your fix.



Kurt Cobain: Montage of Heck

Over the past 20 years, fans have slowly pieced together the details of Nirvana frontman Cobain's life. But now, an authorized documentary will tell the whole story through vintage interviews, journal entries, home movies, and more. (How authorized is it? Well, for starters, Cobain's daughter, Frances Bean, is an executive producer.) Along with the film—which premiered at Sundance and will air on HBO—there will be a companion book from Insight Editions, with extended interviews and rare photos.



Brandon Flowers The Desired Effect

Some fans complained that the 2010 solo album, *Flamingo*, from the Killers frontman sounded like it could've been ... well, a Killers album. No big surprise, since Flowers worked with producers from previous Killers albums and recorded at the band's Nevada studio. This time around, he's teamed up for something completely different with Grammy-winning producer Ariel Rechtshaid—who's worked with everyone from Justin Bieber and Beyoncé to We Are Scientists and Vampire Weekend. Given Rechtshaid's track record, we're hoping for some arena-ready rock anthems.

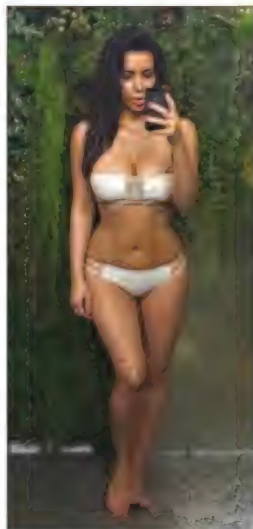
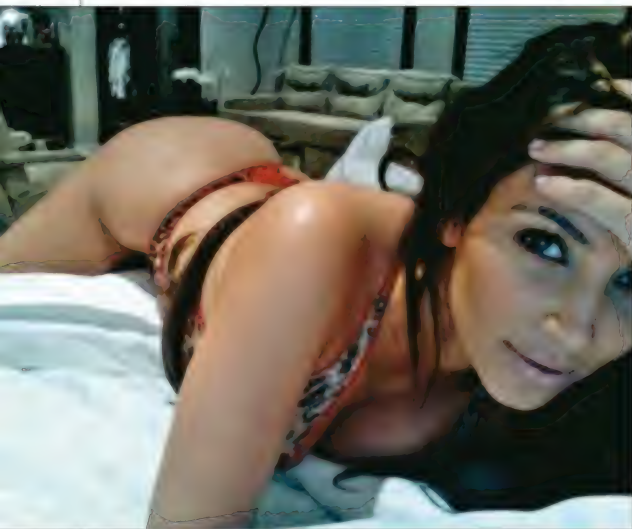
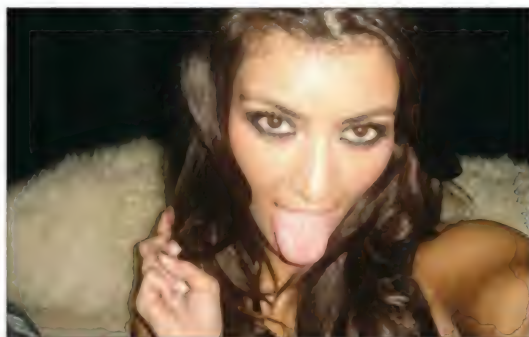
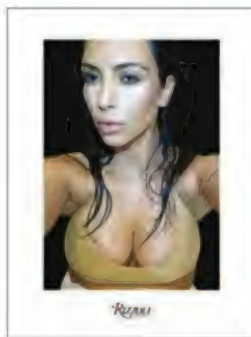


Lifehouse Out of the Wasteland

After their 2012 album, *Almería*, garnered mixed reviews, the post-grunge rockers parted ways with Geffen and announced they were taking a hiatus. They regrouped last year and teased their new album by releasing the soulful ballad "Flight" in November. The album's lead single, "Hurricane"—which has the same catchiness that "Hanging by a Moment" had 15 years ago—gives us hope that their seventh album will be a return to form.



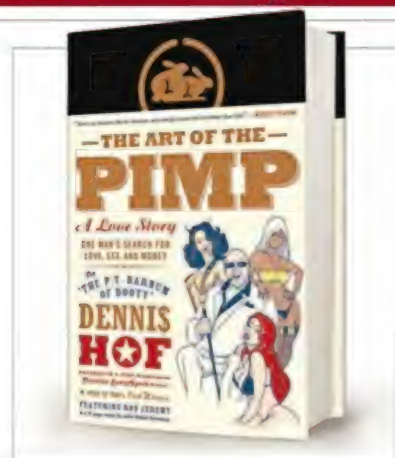
BOOTY ALERT



Selfish

This photography book—and we use the terms “photography” and “book” very, very loosely—is a collection of Kim Kardashian’s selfies. And, well, that’s about it. But if you’re familiar with Kim’s vast opus of self-portraits, you know that they focus on the beauty of the female form (translation: lots of T&A).

READS



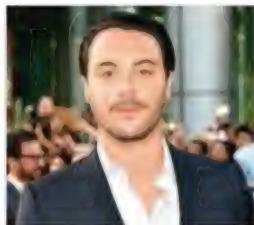
Moonlite Bunny Ranch owner/pimp extraordinaire Dennis Hof’s biography, *The Art of the Pimp: A Love Story* (Regan Arts), includes stories from every stage of his life, from when he was a child and met Marilyn Monroe to how he became an entrepreneur and went on to develop the largest brothel empire in the world. There are pages upon pages detailing Hof’s exploits—of course—but Hof, who writes a column for our sister publication *Penthouse Forum*, also provides a look at how business is done down on the Ranch. Plus, proving Hof is fully in on the joke, his ex Cami Parker tells her side of their story, and Sheenah Hankin, PhD, delivers a scorching analysis of Hof’s psyche. There’s even a centerfold: a comic-book version of Hof’s life story by artist Robert Grossman.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*

RUMORREPORT

Pop culture is always full of news about upcoming projects, although many end up being nothing more than rumors. Here’s what we’re hearing these days.



Melissa McCarthy is reportedly in talks to star in the upcoming *Ghostbusters* reboot. Her workload is said to be causing some logistical headaches, but if it pans out, it’ll be her fourth outing with Paul Feig.



There’s finally some good news for the beleaguered *Crow* reboot—**Jack Huston** of *Boardwalk Empire* and *American Hustle* has reportedly signed on to play Eric Draven. (The role has been a revolving door while the project goes through development hell.)



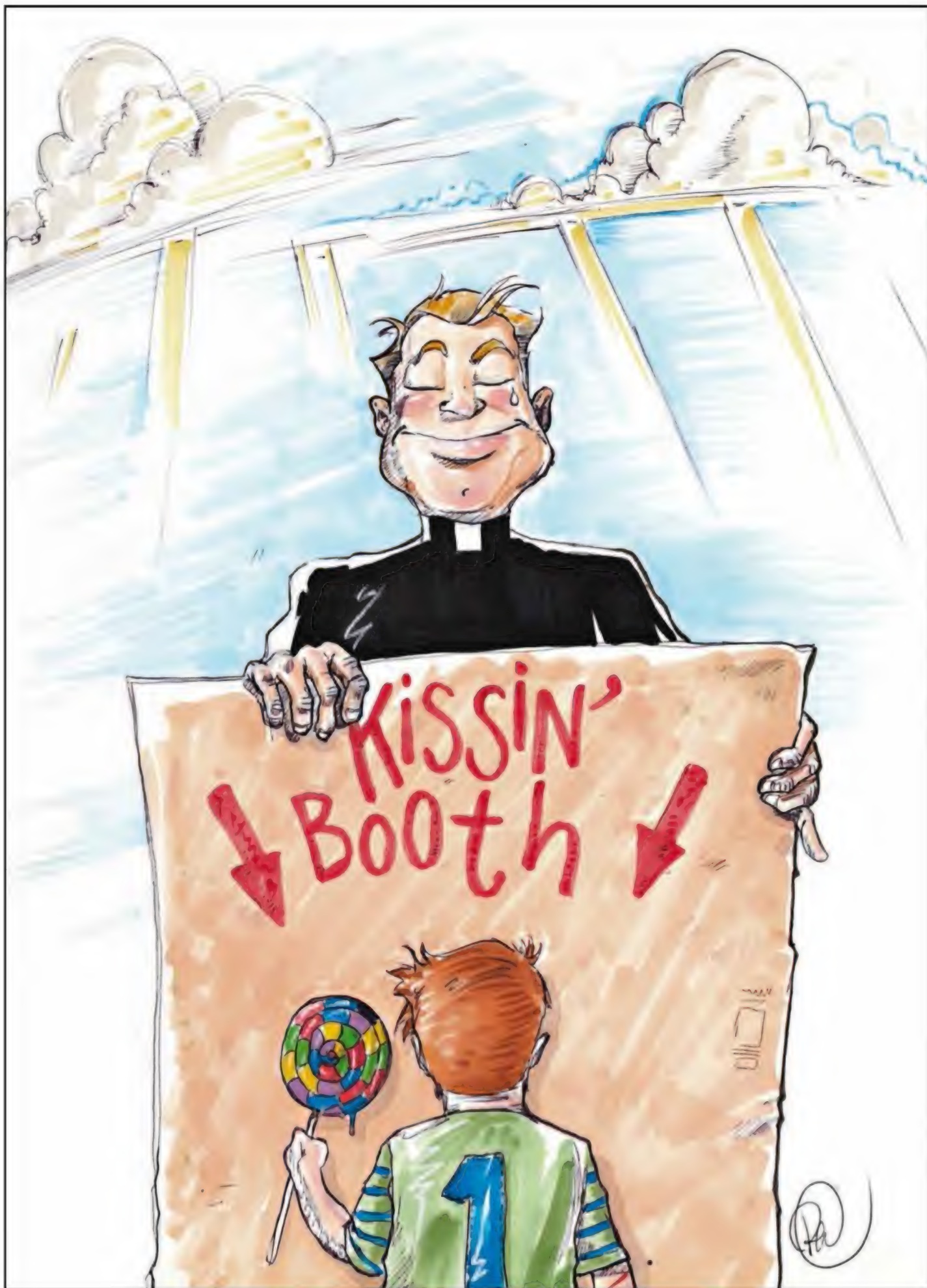
Alec Baldwin will star in an HBO drama about a billionaire philanthropist who suddenly becomes mayor of New York City—a fitting role for the politically ambitious actor who grew up in the city’s Long Island suburb of Massapequa.



After years of hinting that the **Gorillaz** were kaput, **Damon Albarn** has switched gears and announced that the band is back in the studio and working on new music for a 2016 release.



Daily Show correspondent **Samantha Bee** is developing her own show for TBS, quashing our hopes that she might take the reins when Jon Stewart leaves. **✂**



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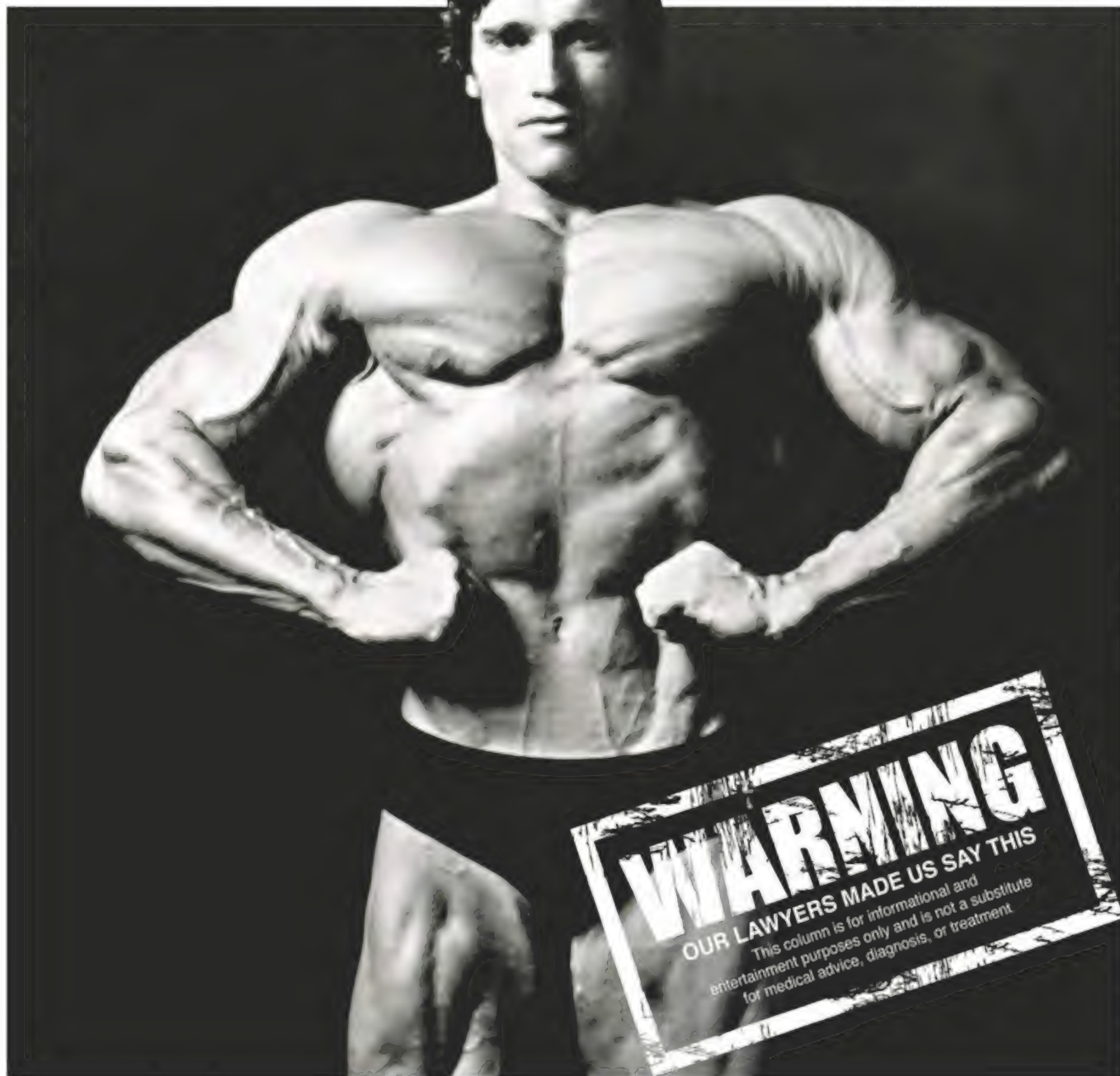
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DO LESS, GET FIT

You may never look as pumped up as Arnold, but here are four non-crunch core exercises that'll get you the washboard abs every guy wants.

By Joe Vennare

Lifting weights is like having sex. At least that's how Arnold sees it. Yeah, that Arnold—one of the most dominant bodybuilders of all time.

In the 1977 documentary *Pumping Iron*, Schwarzenegger explains the feeling he gets when he lifts weights. He calls it "the pump." It's the feeling you get when you're doing an exercise like biceps curls and all of the blood rushes into your muscles. The skin gets tight. Your biceps feels like it's going to explode.

Like I said, weight lifting is just like having sex. In the bedroom, when you get all fired up, all of the blood rushes into your boner. And, after a little pumping of a different sort, this muscle *does* explode.

"I am in heaven."

That's how Arnold described the way he felt when he was lifting weights. When he was chasing the pump. As a matter of fact, Schwarzenegger saw the sex pump and the iron pump as one and the same. When explaining how this could be the case, Schwarzenegger said, "[The pump] is as satisfying to me as, uh, coming is, you know? As, ah, having sex with a woman and coming.... I am coming day and night. I mean, it's terrific. Right? So, you know, I am in heaven."

Not so fast

So you want to be like Arnold, huh? Coming all over the place, day and night? It sounds like a dream. The trouble with that is, dreams are often too good to be true.

Consider this: Arnold was known to work out for two to four hours each day. He incorporated elements of powerlifting in his routines, using the heaviest weight possible at times. Then at other times, he'd use volume training to achieve the pump—performing rep after rep with a moderate weight until his muscles convulsed from the effort. And don't forget about his steroid use. While it isn't the sole reason for his chiseled physique—the guy's work ethic was second to none—it certainly helped.

Are you following? Lifting weights was his life. It was heaven to him—akin to having sex, which he enjoyed as well. But for him, the sex/weight-lifting cycle was perpetual. He lifted weights because it was as good as sex. He fucked because it felt as good as "the pump" in the gym.

Back to reality

What does all of that mean for us? We're just regular guys trying to get jacked, while at the same time trying to get laid. Because what guy isn't?

Well, I can tell you this—one enables the other. If you want to fuck more, start by getting fit. And when it comes to getting fit, you don't have to take Arnold's path to the perfect physique. You don't have to spend hours in the gym. After all, you don't live to lift weights or work out. You simply want to work out and lift weights to live longer—and get laid more—we know!

Do less

When it comes to working out, just doing more isn't the answer. Your goal should be to do more with less, while still getting the greatest return.

This way of thinking taps into a term known as the minimum effective dose (MED). It's defined as "the smallest dose that will produce the desired outcome." When it comes to exercise, the MED can be taken to mean the exercises, equipment, and execution of a workout that delivers the desired outcome. More often than not, that outcome is less fat and more muscle, less stress and more energy.



PHOTOGRAPH BY AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY

To achieve those outcomes, and arrive at the MED, consider these four elements when creating a workout routine: duration, equipment, exercises, and intensity.

Duration

No one has time to exercise. At least that's what we all say because we think we have to be like Arnold, who spent every waking moment in the gym. That's not the case. Commit to exercising three days a week for 15 to 20 minutes each workout.



Equipment

For most of us, exercise and a fully equipped gym are synonymous. We can't have one without the other. Save yourself time and money by skipping the gym. That doesn't mean you don't work out. You just become more selective and efficient about your workout routine.

Build your own go-anywhere gym with a jump rope, kettle bell, TRX suspension trainer, and maybe a weighted vest.




Exercises

When it comes time to use that equipment, use it to complete compound movement—exercises that involve multiple muscle groups at once to complete a movement. Here are the exercises you will need to do: body-weight exercises like the push-up, sit-up, lunge, and squat (using the weighted vest if you have one). Bust out the kettle bell for two-handed swings, front squats, and dead lifts. Then incorporate timed sprints or jump-rope skips into the circuit.



Intensity

This is also known as how hard you work, and it's essential to the do-less process. You have to go hard (see, exercise *is* like sex). You have to pack as much work into every minute, every second of your workout, to get as much done in the 15-to-20-minute time frame as possible. If you're willing, you'll get more done in less time—and get fit faster—than you ever thought possible. 





THE ULTIMATE BARN FIND

When that rare gem is discovered languishing, collectors rejoice and buyers pounce.

By Jonathan Ward

Classic-car collectors and aficionados are easily wowed by the romance of a barn find. Hell, so am I. In fact, many books have been written about such discoveries. (My favorite is the series of short stories by Tom Cotter called *The Cobra in the Barn: Great Stories of Automotive Archaeology*.) We've all heard the stories, some of which are dismissible as local folklore, while others inspire great detective work and tactical expeditions to disentangle fact from fiction.

That said, nothing—and I mean nothing—beats this barn-find story.

Roger Baillon, a shipping and logistics magnate in France, had always appreciated fine vintage cars. Sometime around 1953, he took notice of the fact that many significant prewar automobiles were not getting much respect among collectors. He started to buy noteworthy cars that were no longer in vogue to save them from the crusher. This “hobby” continued until the 1970s, when financial issues forced Baillon to sell half his collection. His remaining 60 or so vehicles remained hidden in a series of crude garden sheds on the grounds of a palatial estate in the French countryside.

When Baillon passed away in 2004, his son, Jacques, inherited the collection, and, again, the cars sat. But when Jacques died last year, his children approached the European auction house Artcurial about selling off the lot. I imagine that Matthieu Lamoure, the managing director at Artcurial, had to pick himself up off the floor after getting that phone call, as the depth and diversity of the collection

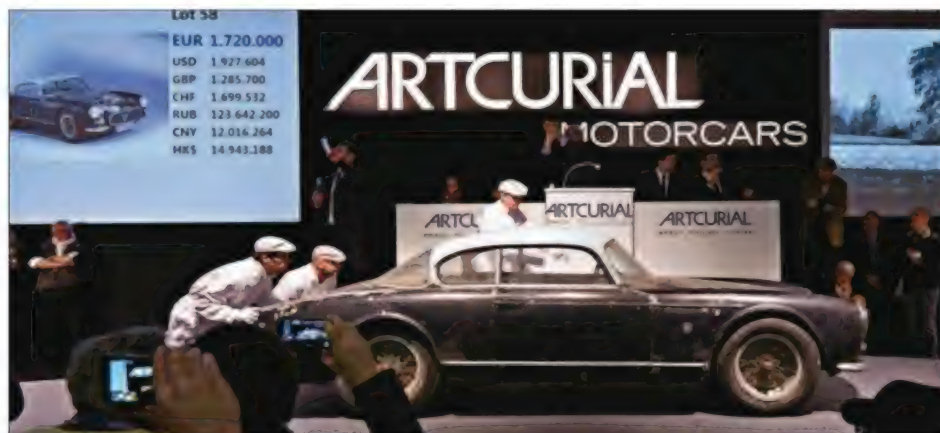
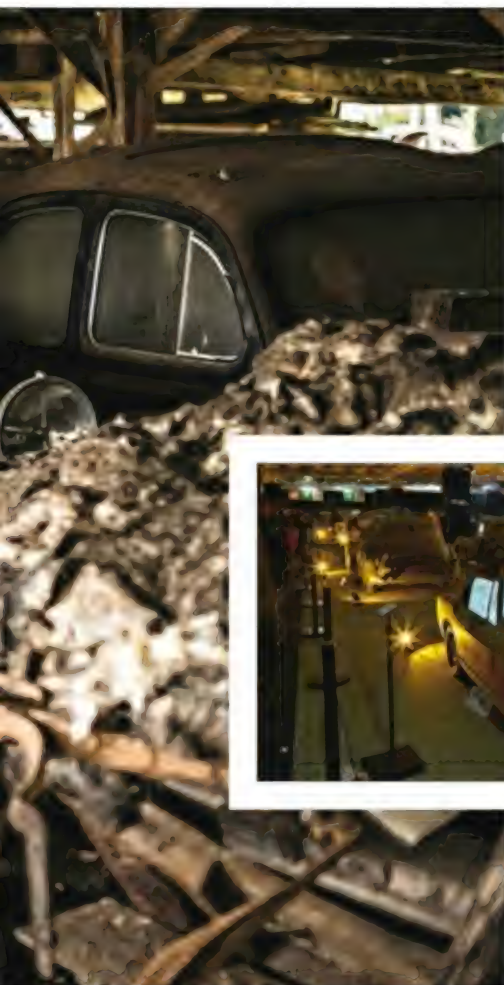
is staggering.

There's something from every decade from 1900 to 1980, with makes as varied as Bugatti, Hispano-Suiza, Talbot-Lago, Panhard-Levassor, Maserati, Citroën, Ferrari, Facel Vega, Delahaye, Voisin, and Delage, as well as many special one-offs by the likes of Million-Guiet, Chapron, and Saoutchik. Some vehicles have confirmed celebrity-ownership histories,

such as the 1949 Talbot-Lago T26 by Saoutchik that was once owned by King Farouk of Egypt, and the 1961 Ferrari 250 GT California Spider, once owned by French actors Gérard Blain and then Alain Delon. If just one of many of these cars were announced as a new barn discovery, it would be noteworthy, but to find 60 such cars all at once is unheard of.

And, if you have learned anything about me through reading my column, you'll understand why I booked my trip to Paris the instant I got wind of this tale. I even had a few clients interested in commissioning the restoration and ICON renovation of a few of these potential beauties.

Artcurial's auction took place in February at the annual *Rétromobile* exhibition, one of Europe's most popular car shows, which is known for celebrating vintage vehicles that are often unknown to American collectors. After fighting my way through a




record crowd, I found the cars on display in a large, dark warehouse. Each was carefully left "as found," complete with a thick layer of dust, grime, and the occasional sprig of ivy creeping through the gaps in the body panels. There were even a few spiders enjoying their cozy web across the dash of an ultrarare 1960 Facel Vega Excellence sedan.

Certainly the auction house knew how to maximize the romance of the cars, but I suspect that had the cars been displayed in natural light, many a car lover would have been shocked by their disrepair. It truly is sacrilege that Baillon had not sold at least one of the more valuable cars decades ago to fund a proper warehouse for his collection. The deplorable conditions and neglect of these cars over the years greatly reduced their value and restoration potential. There were, however, a few exceptions, most notably the 1961 Ferrari California and a gorgeous 1956 Maserati A6G by Frua; it seems both were favorites of Baillon's, as they were the only vehicles stored in a proper garage

space (albeit under stacks of old magazines).

After carefully studying the collection, I decided not to bid, but I was the exception. At least ten new world records for sale prices were set. The Ferrari California sold for \$18.45 million, and the 1949 Talbot-Lago sold for just under \$2 million, despite the fact that it had rusted so badly, it had literally collapsed in on itself.

It is true that cars can be new only once, but people will pay dearly to own a piece of history. And while there's still a part of me that wishes to protect the purity of such investments for the true fans, as opposed to profit speculators and flippers, I hope the buyers intend to display these vehicles as is, because restoring many of them will not make any financial sense. Either way, it was great to see them appreciated by so many people from around the world. 

1961 Ferrari 250 GT California Spider



1936 Panhard-Levassor Dynamic X76 Coupe Junior



1956 Maserati A6G 2000 Gran Sport Berlinetta Frua



1949 Talbot Lago T26 Grand Sport SWB



IMMACULATE POSSESSIONS

Four gadgets that will aid you in your pursuit of perfection.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Raptor Football

Mad Fly Sports • \$59

If you've always dreamed of passing the perfect spiral or launching a Hail Mary like Tony Romo, the Raptor is your best option until science perfects the bionic arm cannon. Half football, half glider, the Raptor soars at least double the distance of an NFL pigskin. In fact, chucking the ball farther than a hundred yards isn't outside the realm of possibility. The Raptor's body and wings are made of foam and polymer materials sturdy enough to survive rough landings or get snatched midair. It's not designed for tackle play, however, so throw it just to impress your friends, then break out your Wilson for the rough stuff.



■ Mu-so wireless music system

Naim • \$1,495

Calling this a sound bar is like calling a Ferrari a zippy little coupe. While the Mu-so might look like your typical skinny sound machine, it's actually the budget entry from Naim, the famously high-end, high-fidelity company with a heritage of astronomically priced A/V gear tuned for audiophile blue bloods. Beneath the Mu-so's aluminum shell lie six digital amplifiers capable of blasting 450 watts, along with a 32-bit signal processor that makes the most of tweeters fashioned from exotic materials. The upshot: This system delivers the closest thing you'll find to perfect sound without taking out a second mortgage. Its Wi-Fi and Bluetooth connections support internet radio stations and a direct connection to Spotify, and an Android and iOS app lets you customize every nuance of the audio experience.



■ Fenix 3 smart sports watch

Garmin • \$500

If you want the perfect beach body by July, you need the perfect sports watch now. This one goes beyond the step-counting and heart-rate tracking of standard models and delivers a fully connected multisport fitness coach on your wrist. The high-resolution display is easy to see even at high noon, and it's surrounded by a stainless-steel bezel and sturdy body that's waterproof to 100 meters. It offers modes for running, biking, swimming, skiing, snowboarding, and more; the running mode alone tracks cadence, form, and recovery time. A GPS suite includes an electronic compass, barometer, and altimeter to monitor your position in three dimensions, letting you mark routes, hiking trails, and other favorite spots. In time mode, it even looks good at work.

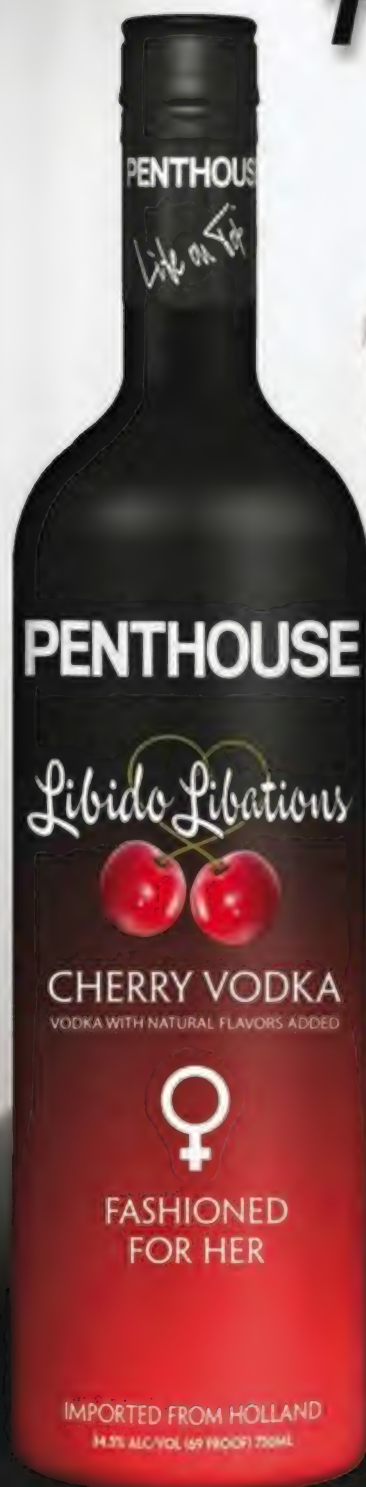


■ Venue 8 7000 tablet

Dell • \$400 and up

The perfect tablet doesn't exist—even the most hard-core Apple devotees would admit that iPads have their problems—but Dell's latest device comes pretty close. About a quarter-of-an-inch thin (more svelte even than the iPad Air 2), with only a hint of bezel around the screen, the Venue is a stunner even before you turn it on. When you do, the 2,560-by-1,600 8.4-inch OLED display will have you mining Google Play for mega-resolution media and games just to show off the tablet. Three built-in cameras use RealSense technology developed by Intel to create 3-D scans of people or change the focus of photos after you've taken them, making the tablet also one of the coolest cameras of 2015.

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GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer



■ *Mortal Kombat X*

Sony Computer Entertainment
(Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3, PC)

At times serious, at times silly, at times sensationalized by U.S. senators, the *Mortal Kombat* fighting-game franchise always had heart—not to mention spleens, livers, and other assorted organs splattered across the arenas, courtesy of the spine-exposing “fatalities.” This milestone tenth installment, *Mortal Kombat X* (pronounced as the letter x), is more of a celebration than a sequel, overflowing with fan service—in addition to the viscera that made these games so terrifying to parents and politicians. Classic “Kombatants”—including chain-chucking Scorpion, she-ninja Kitana, and six-limbed Goro—return, along with the next generation of chop-socky progeny of fan favorites Johnny Cage and Sonya Blade. Each character comes in three variations with unique fighting styles and finishing moves, effectively tripling the roster.



Of course, the big attraction here is the visceral combat, re-vamped and ramped up until the gore sprays like it's coming out of a fire hose. Freeze-frame and x-ray effects highlight each bone-crunching impact in medical-textbook detail. Finishing moves reach new heights (or depths) of heinousness, including disembowelings, eviscerations, and cunt punches graphic enough to induce vomiting. Series fans will come for the cinematic story mode; everyone else will stay for the new online mode, set in a persistent world of warfare among five factions. Each battle lasts a week, with unique goals, challenges, modes, and tournaments. Earn glory for your faction by spilling guts, completing goals, and invading the enemy's territory in special missions. One faction is declared victorious at the end of the week, then the bloody battle begins anew.

LESS GUTS, MORE BRAINS

Exercise your gray matter with strategy games.



■ *Grey Goo*

Grey Box (PC)

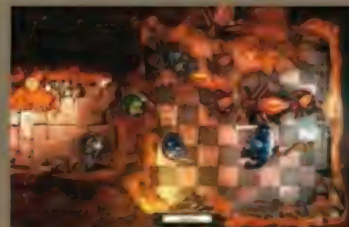
This strategy epic developed by veterans of the classic *Command & Conquer* series emphasizes construction over destruction as you choose from one of three factions—including the oddball alien Goo—in a battle for coexistence.



■ *Sid Meier's Starships*

2K Games (PC, Mac, iPad)

A companion game to the more planet-bound *Sid Meier's Beyond Earth*, this deep-space adventure puts players in command of a light-year-hopping armada charged with protecting Earth's colonies and battling alien races in ship-to-ship skirmishes.



■ *Warhammer Quest*

Chilled Mouse (PC, Mac)

The iconic tabletop game of painted pewter figurines becomes slightly less nerdy in this electronic version, which has you leading a party of heroes through orc-infested dungeons, using brains and brawn to survive turn-based battles. **A+**

PERFECT TEN

Sadly, there's not a Perfect Ten Store. Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to find tens to date.

I'm good-looking, successful, and almost 30 years old. I make six figures. I have a six-pack, can bench press 325 pounds, and deadlift 405 for reps. I own my house, as well as a couple of rental properties, and drive a Lexus that costs more than most men make in a year. I'm exactly the kind of guy who should have a dimepiece on his arm, but for some reason I don't. The women I usually hook up with are sixes and sevens—hot enough with the lights down, but not good enough to introduce to my family, friends, or colleagues. But my group of friends from high school—guys who still live with their parents and wait tables or tend bar—are always hanging out with the hottest girls. I don't understand why a high-value individual like myself has to settle for slightly better-than-average girls. Where are the tens, and how do I get one?

Wow, looks like we've got Mr. Big Shot here. The first step in solving this problem is admitting you have one—so take a deep breath, look in the mirror (which shouldn't be hard for you), and say it: "I am a douche bag." I don't even know you, and I already can't stand you.

Your question makes me feel as if you're asking me where the Perfect Ten Store is so you can buy one. Even if such a thing were possible—and it is for some people—you're not operating on that level. Your six figures and rental properties won't even get you in the door. If a gorgeous gold digger is your idea of the perfect girlfriend, you'll need to up your game. You need to get Jay-Z rich, CEO rich, pro-athlete rich, before you even think of playing.

Now, check it out: I'm going to kill two birds by helping you fix your terrible personality while sending you to places where hot, adventurous, and very bendy women congregate.


1. Get in your fancy car and drive to a yoga class. There, you'll be the only big, strong dude in a room full of sweaty women in sports bras and skintight pants that make their asses look like ripe (organic) tomatoes.

2. Check your ego at the door—you can't "win" at yoga. Just go with the flow. At first, you're going to suck at yoga, and since women love nothing more than the idea of "fixing" a man, you'll get a lot of attention. Smile and say things like, "This is tougher than I thought." Trust me, these Helpful Harriets will offer advice, and even hands-on realignment.

3. Resist the urge to be your usual douche-y self, and you'll be hanging out with hot, fit, very open-minded girls on the regular. Lots of tens teach yoga, so don't be shy about asking the instructor for a little extra help with your downward dog.

Another option: Take a creative-writing class, especially a memoir class—chicks who write memoirs love writing about their wild sex lives. Give them some naughty action for their next chapter. And remember, a true ten is more than just looks. You'll find that creative, quick-witted, sexy librarian in a writing class. (Just imagine her with her glasses off.)

Or enroll in a cooking class. The ratio skews heavily female, and there are plenty of opportunities to get close while tasting and chatting over a steamy stove. Plus, you'll learn how to cook. All women find that sexy.

In short, drop your superior attitude and follow my advice, and you'll become the guy other guys' girlfriends wish their boyfriend was. That's the guy who gets—and keeps—the ten. 



SIGNATURE MOVE

Same old bourbon? Think again. With its new high-end line, Jim Beam rolls out a delicious taste of the past.

By Joshua M. Bernstein



I fondly remember when I first met Jim. I was in college. It was Friday night. Or maybe Saturday. Days blurred together back then. Point is, I was at a party with two drinking choices: Natural Light, consumed via keg stand, and jugs of Jim Beam.

Whether due to access or ignorance, bourbon had never passed my lips. It was the perfect time to lose my brown-spirit virginity. I tipped back my head and the bottle. The smooth, gently sweet elixir tasted of caramel and vanilla, with a spreading warmth like a stomach sweater. A second sip soon followed, then a third. At that, Jim became my new friend. Throughout my twenties, I enjoyed him on the rocks and straight, a constant bar companion. But as the years passed, I started dabbling in different ryes, whiskeys, and small-batch bourbons. I rarely thought of—and rarely drank—my old friend.

I had company. In this modern marketplace, “people don’t want the same old bourbon that you always made,” says Fred Noe, Jim Beam’s seventh-generation master distiller. On liquor stores’ overburdened shelves sit bourbons finished in sherry casks, bourbons smoked with Texas scrub oak, bourbons that have sailed

across the sea. By comparison, buy-it-anywhere Beam might seem humdrum. “I think people get so used to seeing Jim Beam that they don’t want the same stuff that’s always there,” Noe says. “People want what they haven’t had.”

What novel spirit could Beam offer? As an answer, Noe looked to the past. In the early twenty-first century, one of Beam’s distillers—a smart guy with a PhD in chemistry—wanted to do something different. “His quote was, ‘Think outside the barrel,’” Noe says. Historically, Beam has made bourbon with corn, rye, and malted barley. Why not tinker with nontraditional grains such as brown rice and rolled oats? The distillers cooked up their formulations, then laid them down for an oak nap. The plan was to sample these spirits as they aged, then re-create the best of the bunch. Then the distiller with the bright idea retired, as did another distiller working on the project. “The barrels just sat and sat and sat,” Noe says. “The experiment was kind of forgotten.”

More than a decade later, Noe discovered the barrels and sampled the slumbering spirits. The one with soft red wheat flaunted brown-sugar-like sweetness, while the brown-rice varietal had a sweet-potato nose.

They were undeniably Beam bourbons, but with deliciously tweaked DNA. Success.

It was time to share the experiment with the world: Beam unveiled the top-shelf Signature Craft line. Its flagship is a robust 12-year bourbon; every other release is either rare, experimental, or both. Essentially, it was the perfect platform for these forgotten spirits, dubbed the Harvest Bourbon Collection. Last fall, Beam rolled out Brown Rice and Soft Red Wheat, followed by this winter’s High Rye and Whole Rolled Oat. This fall will welcome Six Row Barley and Triticale, a wheat-rye hybrid. If you see a bottle, buy it.

“Since we only made it one time, it’s not like we have an endless supply,” Noe says. However, if a bourbon proves wildly popular, Noe is open to firing up another batch. And waiting. And waiting. “Aging it 11 years,” he says, laughing, “it will be a little while before we can get it back in the bottle.” In the meantime, the Signature Craft series aims to reassert Beam’s roots, winning over bourbon drinkers like me by proving that a big company can still make something small and beautiful. After all, Noe says, “my great-great-great-great grandfather started off as a craft distiller making a barrel a day.” 

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Rating of A+

The Bain Event

Chelsea Bain has been working the NASCAR circuit for years, and she followed her 2013 indie single, "James Dean," with an EP in 2014. Now she's looking to take center stage.

By Alanna Nash

Chelsea Bain is Nashville's newest weapon against the domination of bro-country—although the 25-year-old Arizona native knows all about that amped-up genre, a heady mix of hip-hop, rock, and pop that's set to lyrics about hot girls, cool cars, cold beers, and the tailgating nightlife. After all, Michael Knox—the man who discovered one of bro-country's biggest stars, Jason Aldean—produced Bain's 2014 four-song EP, *Never Ever Gone* (available on iTunes). But Bain is an alluring mix of girlie and kick-ass, especially when it comes to attitude.

"I'm tough," says the country rocker, explaining why she's going to be one of the women to pull back that steel-and-leather curtain. "People can try to beat me down, and they've done it my whole life. You've just got to be persistent and say, 'Hell, no.' We don't want a world filled with just guys. All of us girls out there are trying. I can only hope people hear me."

Bain's first full-length album will debut later this year. Meanwhile, thousands of people have already enjoyed watching the singer-songwriter with the big personality perform live. For several years, she's been a fixture on the NASCAR circuit, appearing before the major races. (Bain, who grew up on a ranch, also has proven her skills with horses. Last year, she captured the World Championship title in the American Paint Horse Association's Classic Amateur Showmanship Championship, one of a dozen equestrian honors the five-foot-seven-inch brunette has collected.)

Bain's early single, "James Dean," boasted the lyric, "Maybe I'm looking for the right kind of wrong." But she seems to know precisely what she does and doesn't need as an artist, including comparisons to Shania Twain, her favorite singer, whose warm tones sometimes show up in Bain's own delivery. "As much as I love Shania," she says emphatically, "I want to be Chelsea Bain, and I want people to make references to me someday in the same way: 'Look what Chelsea Bain did.'" So, let's look at what Chelsea Bain has done so far....

The indie single "James Dean," and especially the song's video, with the burning, crashed Mercury Cougar, paint you as a go-for-broke girl who's not afraid of anything. Is that you? Well, I do like that slightly more aggressive, fun stuff. But I'm a lot of different things. I've got a little rocker side to me, like with "Your Shot of Whiskey." It's a little edgier, like, "Give it a shot, but you'd better do it right." And then there's "Where We're Gonna Fall." That's a sweeter side of me, a first-kiss kind of song. I'm like a bag of jelly beans; I've got so many different personalities going on!

And you've got a pretty serious side, like in "Anywhere But Here." Yeah, that talks about an underage girl getting pregnant and deciding to keep the kid. She's a strong woman, raising the kid on her own, even though everybody told her that she couldn't do it, that she was too young. That happens a lot, but people don't talk about it. It takes a special person to raise up kids as a single woman. And those women deserve some respect.

You've been talking about your four-song EP, *Never Ever Gone*. You must be on the fast track for Michael Knox to have taken you on for that project. I was like, "That's so cool. That's awesome!" When you come to Nashville, you aspire to work with certain producers. If somebody had actually asked me, he would have been one of the producers I would have named. I love his style. And his records with Jason Aldean went No. 1. But as you go through this business, it's not all about just getting to the top. It's the experiences, like, "Wow, I got to go work with all these cool musicians and this great producer!"

What was it like working with Knox in the studio?

We had a great time! He picked up on my personality really quickly. All of us musicians have ADD. My friends and I incessantly joke about it, like, we go from making music to making jokes. And I was saying something about Hugh Jackman, who I think is just awesome, but I couldn't think of his name. I was having a total brain fart. I said, "You know, the guy in *Les Misérables*." Because I grew up loving theater music. And Michael Knox goes, "Really? You name *Les Misérables* for Hugh Jackman? Don't you know he's the Wolverine?" And



he did this weird, Wolverine-ish [martial-arts] move when he said it. I wish I could go back to it now and catch it on video. He's a manly dude, and I'm like, "That was very balletesque of you."

So it's a good working relationship. Oh, yeah. He likes to kid me, because in the vocal booth, [it] was literally as though I was playing in front of thousands of people, jumping around. It's amazing that I didn't break anything—which I usually do.

Are you accident prone?

A little bit. I'm kind of clumsy, actually. I'm not a dainty girl, by any means. People usually say, "Ah, Chelsea, badass!" And I'm like, "No, no, no, I trip a lot." If I've gone a week without stubbing my toe, then I worry that something even bigger is going to happen, and not in a good way.

What's the worst that's happened?

I've had some pretty awesome falls onstage. The first time I ever actually fell flat on my back, I was covering a Rob Zombie song. [Laughs] I covered that one up!

That's the thing. I fall so much that I'm really good at getting back up. Recently we played in Charlotte [North Carolina], and we got rained out. The stage was all wet, and I did a James Brown split—dropped to the floor and then got right back up. I said, "That would never actually happen if I planned it. I'm not that cool." I tried to reenact it, and my band just laughed at me. It was like something out of a comedy.

You've been a staple of the NASCAR concert circuit for several years now. How did that start?

I did almost every single weekend for a while. I've done so many NASCAR shows that I should have my own stock car by now.

I actually grew up around NASCAR. My dad built the track in Phoenix. It was just a dirt track originally, and he bought it and



built it up, and so I was out there a lot as a little kid. My family is friends with [drivers] Tony Stewart and Jeff Gordon, so I enjoyed going and being a part of it. As a little kid, I'd see NASCAR stages like I play now and think, *Wow, I should do that at some point!* And then it happened.

When did you start singing?

I like to say I started annoying my family as soon as I started speaking [laughs]. My cousins used to yell, "Do you have to sing over the music on the radio?"

But for a while it was a toss-up between singing and horses?

Yeah, I'd go to a lot of rodeos and horse shows. I'd compete, and then run in my chaps to do the National Anthem, and then run back to the stalls, holding my chaps up, to get on my horse.

What do you think is the most interesting thing about you?

I guess that I was a tomboy. I grew up riding dirt bikes, and I was in Hunter Safety Club as a kid. My cousin would chase me down in the arena and rope me!

I'm really into fashion now. I love wearing five-inch heels. I probably come off as this city gal, but put me in a barn and I'll seem as at-home as ever. ☺

Bain performing at the Charlotte Motor Speedway in October 2014

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HOWARD STERN DIRECTS

Before there was Pop Shots, there was ... Pop Shots. Back in 1997, during a photo shoot with Howard Stern, we invited the King of All Media to cast and direct an erotic pictorial. Let's revisit the sexy results.

Photographs by Warren Tang



As part of the 50th anniversary of the Penthouse brand, we've been inviting a select number of cultural icons to create a photo shoot that represents their unique vision of "hot." When we gave that chance to Howard Stern 18 years ago, he surprised no one by choosing to cast two busty beauties—1994 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Leslie Glass and April 1997 Pet of the Month Heather Kelly—and asking them to "do whatever feels right." As he told us, "One thing I learned as a Hollywood star is that all great directors let actors do their own thing."

















"Let's face it," Stern wrote in *Private Parts*, "two girls doing wild things to each other would be unbelievable." After directing the action on this shoot, he told us, "There's nothing more exciting than watching two women make love." Howard, we agree 100 percent.

SEE MORE OF POP SHOTS
AT PENTHOUSEPOPSHOTS.COM.



THE PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

Ferreting out the flawless and the faultless in everything from movies to pop songs, inventions to crimes, viral videos to pranks.

Shoot for the moon, the old saying goes, because even if you miss, you'll land among the stars. Now, we're not really ones for inspirational slogans of the kind often accompanied by a photo of a kitten clinging desperately to a tree branch, but we see the point here. Perfection may be an impossible ideal, but if you aim for it, you're bound to wind up with something pretty good—and in many cases, extraordinary. That's what the following examples are all about. You may argue that this one or that one could be improved, and you may be right, but these picks from across the pop-cultural spectrum come as close as is humanly possible to capturing that most elusive of all quarries, perfection.

MOVIES

Every so often a film comes along that perfectly achieves everything it sets out to do. It may or may not be among the greatest movies of all time, but it really hits its own particular bull's-eye. Here's a bunch of examples, from a range of genres, of movies that can scarcely be improved.

GANGSTER FLICK

The Godfather (1972)

A critically acclaimed blockbuster, it's of course much more than a gangster flick: It's a rich, sepia-toned landmark in world cinema.

Honorable mentions: *Donnie Brasco* (1997); *Mean Streets* (1973)



PARODY

Galaxy Quest (1999)

This note-perfect, star-studded Trekkie parody pokes tremendous, accurate—and, most important, affectionate—fun at its subjects.

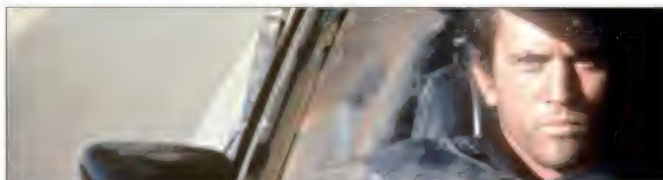
Honorable mention: *This Is Spinal Tap* (1984)



DYSTOPIAN ACTION MOVIE

Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior (1981)

Perfectly paced and edited, this one sets up its succinct premise and delivers the goods in thunderous fashion. One flaw: It made an international star of Mel Gibson.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (GANGSTER FLICK, PARODY, NEO-NOIR, CAPER, SEQUEL) EVERETT COLLECTION, (DYSTOPIAN ACTION MOVIE) WARNER BROS./EVERETT COLLECTION



NEO-NOIR

Chinatown (1974)
Roman Polanski's sultry mystery film was nominated for 11 Academy Awards and its legendary script, by Robert Towne, is a staple of film-school curriculums.

Honorable

mention: *L.A.*

Confidential (1997)



CREEP-OUT

The Vanishing (1988)
The French-Dutch original (not the U.S. remake) features a chillingly realistic villain and the flat-out creepiest ending of all time.



CAMPY HORROR

Evil Dead (1981)
Shooting on the cheap in the woods of Tennessee, director Sam Raimi made his name with this gory, giggly cult classic.

Honorable men-

tions: *Evil Dead 2* (1987)—the laughs are more up-front; *Return of the Living Dead* (1985)



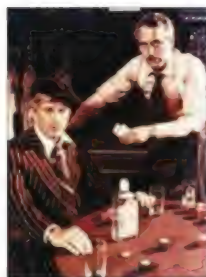
SCI-FI

Alien (1979)
Blending old-fashioned horror-movie thrills with slick, sci-fi atmosphere, director Ridley Scott spawned a generation of imitators.



REMAKE

Nosferatu the Vampyre (1979)
Klaus Kinski was perfectly creepy (and funny) in the title role, and director Werner Herzog evoked the spirit of the original while creating his own strangely gorgeous mood.



CAPER

The Sting (1973)
Robert Redford and Paul Newman poured on the charm as masters of the long con in this complicated, surprise-filled, box-office smash that won seven Oscars.



SEQUEL

The Godfather: Part II (1974)

Don't spread this around, but we actually prefer this to the original. It's also the first sequel ever to win Best Picture, one of six Oscars it claimed.



PERFECT ENTRANCES

Ursula Andress as "Honey" Ryder in *Dr. No*; Malcolm McDowell as Alex DeLarge in *A Clockwork Orange*; the chest-burster from *Alien*; Rita Hayworth's hair-tossing "Me?" in *Gilda*; the shark in *Jaws*, responding to Roy Scheider's chum, and prompting, "We're gonna need a bigger boat."



PERFECT CAMEOS

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in *Airplane!*; Bill Murray in *Zombieland*; Gene Hackman in *Young Frankenstein*; Michael Cera in *This Is the End*; Alfred Hitchcock in ... every one of his films.

PICKUP LINES

Did you get a load of the hottie boombalotties in our pictorials this month, especially our Pet of the Year, Layla Sin, on page 86? Oh, man, they're perfect, aren't they? Have you ever run across a similarly gifted and talented female in real life, and really wanted to talk to her, but couldn't think of what to say? Put that problem behind you with the following list of tried-and-tested openers, tailored to different situations and moods.



SEXY/CHARMING

"Look at you with all those curves and me with no brakes."
 "If I said you had a great body, would you hold it against me?"
 "Well, here I am. What were your other two wishes?"

WITTY/FUNNY/SILLY

"Are you an unemployed CEO? Because you look like you could use some company."
 "Kiss me if I'm wrong, but dinosaurs still exist, right?"
 "I'm a muggle on the streets, but a wizard in the sheets."

RAINY DAY

"You ought to get out of those wet clothes and into a dry Martini."

SHE WEARS GLASSES

"Dorothy Parker was wrong." (She'll know what you mean.)

CORNY/ENDEARING

"See my friend over there? He's a little shy, but he wants to know if you think I'm cute."
 You: "Did it hurt?" Her: "Did what hurt?" You: "When you fell from heaven."
 "Do you have a map? Because I just got lost in your eyes."

RANDOM EIGHTIES REFERENCE

"Your name must be Mickey, because you're so fine."

CREEPY-FUNNY

"Hey, does this napkin smell like chloroform?"

LAST WORD

"I hate to see you go, but I love to watch you leave."

POP SONGS

Brian Wilson once touted the Beach Boys' album *Smile* as "a teenage symphony to God." That's a descriptor that could apply almost as well to any truly great song in pop, a genre that lends itself to the pursuit of perfection more than any other form of rock 'n' roll. Here are five perfect pop confections.



"I WANT YOU BACK" The Jackson 5 (1969)

The preposterously talented 11-year-old Michael Jackson introduced himself to the world with this flypaper-catchy blend of Motown and Sly Stone-style funk—and its chorus featuring "possibly the best chord progression in pop-music history," according to Pitchfork.

"SUGAR SUGAR" The Archies (1969)

"The pinnacle of bubblegum music, if not pop itself," songwriter Stephen Merritt told NPR, calling the track "a laid-back, three-chord anthem full of sweet double entendres and soulful hand-clapping enthusiasm."

"I'M A BELIEVER" The Monkees (1966)

One of the shiniest gems ever to emerge from the Brill Building, Neil Diamond's acutely infectious single was a U.S. and U.K. No. 1 for the Monkees, and charted in more than 12 countries.

"TEARS OF A CLOWN" Smokey Robinson and the Miracles (1967)

This song began as an instrumental for Stevie Wonder that Robinson said sounded like circus music—which moved him to write lyrics about a jilted lover who keeps his sadness hid, "just like Pagliacci did."

"BE MY BABY" The Ronettes (1963)

Carnie Wilson, daughter of Beach Boy Brian (him again), has said that, thanks to her dad, she woke up every day to the *boom boom-boom pow!* opening of this Phil Spector-produced classic. Every day. Even that might not be enough to wear us out on the irresistible track.

GAMES

Athletes are constantly trying to perfect their craft, and in some sports, such as baseball, bowling, figure skating, and gymnastics, perfection can be certified. But even in those cases, there are degrees of excellence. Herewith a brief, incomplete survey of perfection in sports.



BASEBALL

Major League Baseball defines a perfect game as a pitching performance of at least nine innings in which no opposing player reaches base—in other words, the other team goes “27 up, 27 down.” There have been 23 perfect games pitched in the 139-year history of MLB—a span covering more than 207,000 games. The first one occurred in 1880, and the most recent

in 2012, when there were a statistically aberrant three perfectos twirled.

- Our vote for the greatest perfect game of all time goes to **Don Larsen** for his 1956 gem in Game 5 of the World Series against the Brooklyn Dodgers—a 2-0 win that remains the only perfect game ever pitched in the MLB postseason.
- A special shout-out to one perfect game that wasn't: **Harvey Haddix's** performance for the Pittsburgh Pirates against Milwaukee in May 1959, when he pitched 12 perfect innings—but lost the game in the 13th.

BOWLING

Since bowling is more of an activity to do while drinking beer than an actual sport, it's perhaps appropriate that its version of a perfect game is not exactly unattainable: There have been countless 300 games (that's 12 consecutive strikes—one each in the first nine frames, three in the 10th) in bowling history, including one by a nine-year-old girl from Florida and one by a 75-year-old grandfather from California. That gentleman, **Will June**, followed his perfect game with another one, becoming the oldest bowler ever to roll consecutive 300 games.

GYMNASTICS

Romanian **Nadia Comaneci** was the first gymnast ever to receive a perfect score in Olympic competition, and here's how great her performance was

at the 1976 Games: Before the event, the scoreboard manufacturer, Omega SA, inquired whether four digits would be necessary for the gymnastics scoreboard. They were told that a perfect score of 10.00 had never—and would never—happen. The sprightly 14-year-old did it seven times during the Montreal Games.

FOOTBALL

Many modern fans hate the **1972 Miami Dolphins** and their (admittedly annoying) habit of gathering every year to celebrate the fact that their historic perfect season (17-0) remains unmatched in NFL history. Yet no team has been able to navigate an NFL season unbeaten since—though the 2007 New England Patriots came close, going 18-0 to reach Super Bowl XLII, where they lost 17-14 to the New York Giants.

BASKETBALL

Led by Scott May, Quinn Buckner, Bobby Wilkerson, and Kent Benson—all of whom would go on to play in the NBA—and with notorious chair-thrower Bobby Knight stalking the sidelines, the **1976 Indiana University basketball team** went 32-0 and won the NCAA tournament. The Hoosiers, who beat the USSR national team in a preseason exhibition, are the last team to complete a college-basketball season undefeated—though this year's Kentucky team was challenging for the distinction as we went to press.

UPSET



The **1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team** faced the Soviet Union in a pre-Olympic tune-up game at Madison Square Garden, and lost 10-3. The American team was made up of ama-

teurs and college players while the Soviets, who had beaten a team of NHL All-Stars 6-0 the previous year, were full-time hockey players cared for by their nation's Communist government. They had won the previous four Olympic hockey gold medals, and six of the previous seven.

After the U.S.'s historic 4-3 victory at the Lake Placid Games, ABC announcer Jim McKay likened the win to a group of Canadian college football players defeating the reigning Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers.

WAVE



Much as Afrika Bambaataa spent the 1980s looking for the perfect beat, surfers have been spanning the globe for decades searching for the perfect wave. Our nominee is: **Teahupoo, Tahiti, French Polynesia** Legendary waterman Laird Hamilton ushered in a new

era of surfing there. Eleven-time world champion Kelly Slater made a movie about it. Teahupoo (pronounced “cho-po”) is an extremely shallow reef break that delivers a seemingly unending sequence of glassy, flawless barrels.

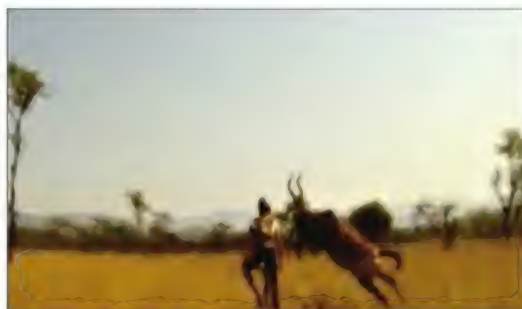
But this wave—routinely dubbed the heaviest in the world—is as dangerous as it is sublime: The apartment-building weight of the wave and the shallow shoreline it pummels have proved a deadly combination for five surfers since 2000.

VIRAL VIDEO

MOUNTAIN BIKER TAKEN OUT BY BUCK

Seventeen-year-old cyclist Evan van der Spuy was sailing along in a mountain-bike race in South Africa when a red hartebeest buck, which can weigh as much as 440 pounds, took him out with a flying tackle. The extraordinary encounter was captured on video by van der Spuy's teammate, Travis Walker, who was riding behind him

with a handlebar-mounted camera. The 70-second clip, which has been viewed more than 15 million times, features a slow-motion replay of the attack, and also records Walker's oh-so-human reaction: "Holy cow!" he says, following that up with a "Shit!" and the faintest hint of a laugh. He quickly pulls himself together and tends to his teammate, who, incredibly, escaped with only a minor concussion and whiplash.



It's the holy grail for marketers the world over, but the best clips that become wildly popular are usually the ones that happen by accident—like blackened chicken, or ...

COMEBACKS

Ever get burned by someone and walk away with steam coming out of your ears—only to think of the perfect response after it's too late? The French have a term for this: They call it "stair-case wit," as in, you thought of your comeback at the foot of the stairs, while exiting, when it's too late to rejoin the party. If only we could all have the spring-loaded wit that delivered the following perfect replies.



WINSTON CHURCHILL

Nancy Astor: "If I were your wife, I'd put poison in your tea." Churchill: "**Madame, if I were your husband, I would drink it with pleasure.**"

DOROTHY PARKER

Clare Boothe Luce (stepping aside upon meeting her rival Parker in a doorway): "Age before beauty, my dear." Parker (passing through): "**Pearls before swine.**"

CALVIN COOLIDGE

Anonymous woman at a White House dinner: "Mr. Coolidge, I've made a bet against a fellow who said it was impossible to get more than two words out of you." Coolidge: "**You lose.**"

TRUMAN CAPOTE

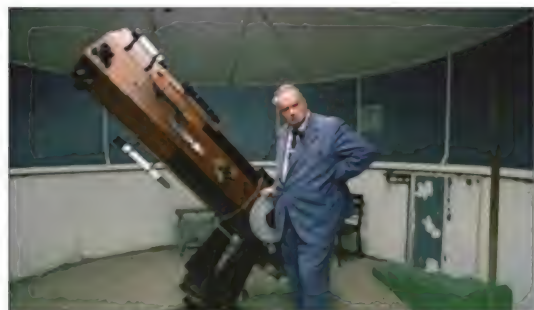
After signing an autograph for a woman, he was confronted by her jealous, drunk husband, who pulled out his junk and said, "As long as you're signing things, why don't you sign this?" Capote: "**I don't know if I can sign it, but I can initial it.**"

OSCAR WILDE

Struggling poet: "There is a conspiracy of silence against my book, Oscar. What should I do?" Wilde: "**Join it.**"

PRANKS

The age of information and YouTube have combined to usher in a kind of golden age of pranks, wherein everyone with a smartphone or a GoPro and some free time has posted their pranks online. This has created a lot of chaff, for sure, but also a fair amount of wheat. Here are three that can hardly be ignored.



GRAVITY AND MR. MOORE

While broadcasting an astrology program on April 1, 1976, late BBC Radio 2 man Patrick Moore told his listeners that at 9:47 A.M. the planet Pluto would slip behind Jupiter and cause a brief gravitational misalignment with Earth. If everyone jumped at the precise moment, Moore said, they'd experience temporary weightlessness. He then fielded calls from listeners wanting to discuss their moments of gravity-free bliss.

\$500,000 SHOT

Amir Blumenfeld and Streeter Seidell of *CollegeHumor.com* engaged in an epic prank war from 2007 to 2009, but the high point for us was Seidell's effort at a 2009 University of Maryland basketball game. Seidell con-

vinced Blumenfeld that he'd been selected to attempt a half-court shot, blindfolded, for a prize of \$500,000. Then he persuaded roughly 18,000 fans at the game to cheer wildly even if—make that *when*—Blumenfeld's shot missed the mark by a mile. They did—perfectly—and Blumenfeld's reaction, well, go see it on YouTube.

EPIC ANTI-DUI PRANK

Prankster Tom Mabe targeted a friend with five DUIs on his record in this 2013 ruse. When the friend passed out after boozing, Mabe and his crew set up an office space to look like a hospital room, transplanted the blotto dude there, and when he woke up, convinced him he'd had a car accident and was just emerging from a ten-year coma. Message pranking—we like it.

INVENTIONS

Flawless new creations have the power to change the world, in ways both big and small. Here are seven perfect ones ranging over both categories.



PENICILLIN

Ever heard of Alexander Fleming? As the discoverer of penicillin, the world's first wonder drug, he really should be a household name. Along with Howard Florey and Ernst Boris Chain, Fleming developed the medicine that could treat formerly life-threatening diseases, such as meningitis, pneumonia, gonorrhea, and syphilis.

THE WHEEL

Perfection. Just try to improve upon it.

POLIO VACCINE

"It must have been very stressful living next door to Jonas Salk's mother," comedian Larry David has said. "You know, every day, it's the same thing, 'Estelle, did I happen to mention that my son Jonas—who your little Stevie never let play in the games, or stuck him in right field; who never went out with the girls, and wasn't athletic—did I happen to mention ... *that he discovered the cure for polio?*'"

BREAD SLICER

To say something is "the greatest thing since sliced bread" is to call that thing tops since 1928, when Otto Frederick Rohwedder of Davenport, Iowa, rolled out the first bread-slicing machine.

ELECTRICITY

This one's pretty snappy because not only did it shed (literal) light upon the world, but also without it we wouldn't have so many other inventions, including semiconductor electronics, computers, the internet, the telephone, radio, air-conditioning, and television.

STERIPEN

Campers might call these gizmos the greatest thing since Otto Frederick Rohwedder's time: They're ultraviolet-light water-purification devices—just turn them on and shake them around in your water and they kill 99.9 percent of bugs, viruses, and impurities in your H₂O.

ZIPLOC BAGS

The brilliantly simple press-and-seal zipper on these buggers makes them indispensable for many occasions beyond lugging lunches to school: They can hold your smartphone at the beach, as well as keep first-aid supplies, cosmetics, and small camping necessities. They can also function as an ice pack, a canteen, and a cereal bowl.

CRIMES

No one has ever put the icicle-as-the-perfect-murder-weapon trope to the test (as far as we know), but there have been a number of crimes so well executed that we have to admire the perfectionism of their perpetrators. Check them out.



D. B. COOPER: LEGEND

The day before Thanksgiving in 1971, a man calling himself Dan Cooper (erroneously dubbed D.B. by the media) hijacked a Northwest Orient Airlines flight traveling from Portland to Seattle, received \$200,000 in ransom, and parachuted into a stormy night above the Pacific Northwest after letting all the passengers go. Some of the ransom money, identified by serial numbers, was discovered on the ground in 1980, but Cooper himself has never been found. The case is the only unsolved aviation crime in U.S. history.

TWIN TECHNICALITY

DNA found on a glove at the scene of a five-million-euro jewel heist in 2009 matched two people—a pair of German twins. Since German law requires each suspect to be convicted individually, and they couldn't exclusively match the DNA to either twin, they were both set free. Their accomplice in the three-man job was never found.


HUB HEIST

At midnight after Saint Patrick's Day in 1990, a pair of men dressed as cops talked their way into Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, subdued the guards, and made off with \$500 million worth of art, including masterpieces by Vermeer, Rembrandt, and Manet. Neither they nor the artworks have ever been located.

PINK PANTHERS

According to Interpol, this Serbian criminal outfit—named for the movie franchise of the same name because they once hid a diamond ring in a jar of face cream, just like in one of the films—has hundreds of members and has pulled off more than 340 heists in 35 countries, making off with up to \$448 million.

VACUUM GANG

From 2006 to 2011, a gang of French robbers exploited a flaw they'd discovered in the cash-storing systems of Monoprix, a French supermarket chain. They realized that since the chain was funneling envelopes of money into its safes using pneumatic suction tubes, they could literally siphon out cash by drilling into the tubes near the safe and using vacuum cleaners. They netted the equivalent of nearly a million dollars in 15 of these Hoover-powered heists. 

BACKUP

When the shit hits the fan, it's good to have someone who's got your back. It's even better when that person is a hot chick who's great at taking names and kicking ass. We picked our current favorites from both TV shows and films.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

TV



Peggy Carter

Captain America: The First Avenger; Agent Carter
Played by Haley Atwell

In *Captain America: The First Avenger*, Agent Carter quickly proved herself to be much more than a love interest—and cracked us up when she got jealous and tested the bullet-proof ability of Steve Rogers's new shield at the same time. In the one-shot *Agent Carter* and the subsequent TV series, she's saved the world time and again as a founder of S.H.I.E.L.D., and paved the way for, among others...



Melinda May

Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.
Played by Ming-Na Wen

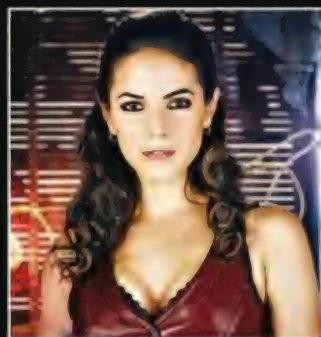
Agent May acted as the S.H.I.E.L.D. team's pilot, but she's also a martial-arts expert, a crack shot, and a believer in seizing the day when it comes to no-strings sexual relationships. In other words, our kind of girl. She's such a legend in the organization that she's been dubbed "the Cavalry," and she's unquestionably someone we'd be happy to see coming to our rescue.



Michonne

The Walking Dead
Played by Danai Gurira

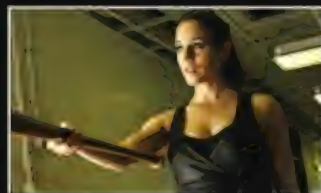
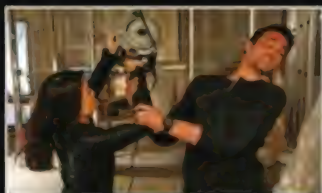
If we've learned anything from *The Walking Dead*, it's that when the zombie apocalypse hits, loyalty won't go far. It's going to be all about finding people with useful skills whose self-interest matches your own. Given that, let's all dream of teaming up with someone as kick-ass as the katana-bearing Michonne. Damn, that woman is deadly.



Bo Dennis

Lost Girl
Played by Anna Silk

This bisexual succubus has been on a quest to learn about her past since accidentally killing her boyfriend during sex when she was a teenager. As she attempted to avoid choosing a side in the battle between light and dark in the supernatural world of the Fae folk, she fought time and again for the underdog—not to mention indulged viewers' lesbian fantasies through her relationship with Dr. Lauren Lewis, played by Zoie Palmer.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT) AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY, FLORIAN SCHNEIDER/ABC/GETTY IMAGES, GENE PAGE/ABC/EVERETT COLLECTION; AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY, FLORIAN SCHNEIDER/ABC/GETTY IMAGES, GENE PAGE/ABC/EVERETT COLLECTION; (BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT) AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY, FLORIAN SCHNEIDER/ABC/GETTY IMAGES, GENE PAGE/ABC/EVERETT COLLECTION; AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY, FLORIAN SCHNEIDER/ABC/GETTY IMAGES, GENE PAGE/ABC/EVERETT COLLECTION

BABES

FILM



Gamora

Guardians of the Galaxy
Played by Zoë Saldana

Saldana has kicked ass on screen before (*Colombiana*, 2011; *The Losers*, 2010), and even done it as a being from another world (*Avatar*, 2009), but we loved her turn as a green alien in skin-tight leather—not to mention the girl fight with Nebula (Karen Gillan). And if Star-Lord can really get her dancing in the sequel, we'd love to see her moves.



Natasha Romanoff

Iron Man 2; The Avengers; Captain America: The Winter Soldier; The Avengers: Age of Ultron
Played by Scarlett Johansson

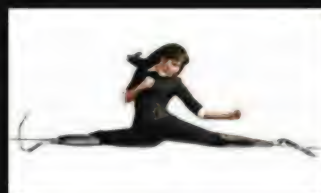
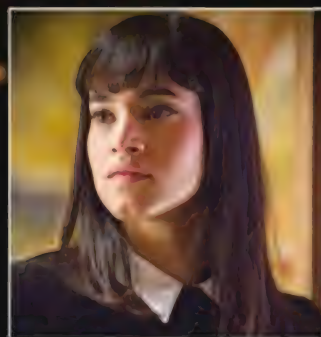
Speaking of skintight leather... ScarJo's been killing it as Black Widow since *IM2*, when she took out a group of security guards almost single-handedly. The character's cunning interrogation tactics and fighting skills are both amusing and amazing, and the actress's wry, "sure, I'll give that a try" attitude is perfect.



Beatrice "Tris" Prior

Divergent; Insurgent
Played by Shailene Woodley

A postapocalyptic dystopian tale about teenagers might seem like just a *Hunger Games* rip-off, but in this case the teens end up fighting the powers that be, not one another... although they do that, too. Now Tris and other "Divergents" (those unable to be controlled by the government) have started one hell of a war. *Hmm*, still sounds like *The Hunger Games*. But we've got room in our lives for two hot chicks fronting revolutions.



Gazelle

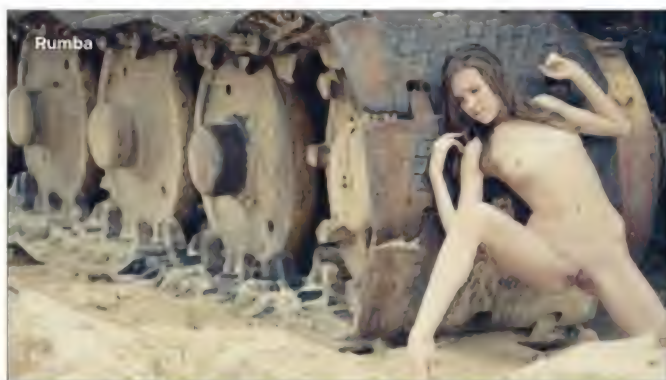
Kingsman: The Secret Service
Played by Sofia Boutella

Boutella, a longtime backup dancer for Madonna whose previous movie credits include *Dance Challenge* and *StreetDance 2*, might seem like an odd choice to play an evil minion. But there's no denying that capturing Gazelle's limber movements with those deadly swords took some serious skills. No matter who she was working for, or how evil the plan, we were sorry to see her go. **A-**

MIKHAIL PARAMONOV

For the past half century, *Penthouse* magazine has been a celebrated resource dedicated to honoring the raw appeal of the female form. Now we're once again showcasing the vision, work, and talent of up-and-coming photographers.

Mikhail Paramonov began shooting erotic photos in 2000, and by 2002, when his work was first published in magazines, he had developed an artistic, sensual, and recognizable style. The Russian's photos have been featured in erotic-photography compilations and shown in galleries (including a 2003 exhibit in Moscow dedicated to *Caligula* director Tinto Brass), and his own books include *Wild Lolitas* (2013), *Hairy Pussy Angels* (2013), and the three-volume series *Sweet Shaven Angels* (2011-13).



How did you get into photography?

I started taking photos when I was 14 years old, with a Smena eight-millimeter that I got for my birthday. I printed all of my photos in my bathroom. They were mostly landscapes and portraits. I started shooting erotic photography when I was 25. I realized that nothing compares to erotic.

How so?

Nothing contains such sharpness of feeling and captures the essence of true life. Only shooting a nude model creates an invisible energy that connects everything in the room: photographer, model, and camera. As if time stops, the floor fades into an abyss, and this feeling of isolation from the rest of the world transfers into each snapshot.

What do you look for when casting models?

Actually, I don't like to work with professional models. I think that a fresh, spellbinding image can only be produced from a "virgin." I noticed long ago that I have a fantastic

ability to find that special girl in the crowd. I see a glow. It doesn't matter where I see her: in the metro, on the street, or in a shop. When I see her, I feel possessed.

What is your favorite part of a woman's body?

The face is the most important part. I prefer innocent, pure characters that can reach deep into your soul.


What inspires you?

Inspiration can take very unusual forms ... especially when you are a photographer. I am inspired from the moment I see the right girl for the first time until the moment I capture her finished image. I am inspired by the pursuit of the perfect picture, the picture from my dreams.

Is there a photo here that you are most proud of?

I feel that my photos flow like a long, continuous, romantic story. I am proud of that story.

Name three things you can't live without.

Family, photography, and sport. 



“I started shooting erotic photography when I was 25. I realized that nothing compares to erotic.... Only shooting a nude model creates an invisible energy that connects everything in the room: photographer, model, and camera.”



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CALL Ommer's Are Welcome

Two decades after the dawn of internet porn, adults-only movie theaters still exist. And you're not going to believe what's going on—and who's getting off—inside them.

By Mike McPadden

At the end of a highway-adjacent industrial park in suburban Chicago, inside a nondescript rectangular building demarcated by a lone glowing sign, down in front of a dozen or so rows of theater seats, just past the glowing throb of DVD pornography projected onto a giant video screen, on through an open doorway off to one side, in the center of a cement structure nicknamed "the GB room," a lingerie-clad blonde in her early thirties smiles as the 15th cock of the evening slides into her mouth. The "GB," in case you can't guess, stands for "gang bang."

Another engorged penis—one in an explosive series—plows the blonde's bald nether-portal, and in the course of this rotating "spit roast," she'll manipulate more erections than she can count on both hands, and even more will ejaculate on her exposed flesh, often assisted by the tugs and tickles of other participants, while the blowjobs and pussy-poundings just keep on coming.

Throughout it all, the blonde repeatedly makes loving eye contact with her husband, who stands pantsless, proud, and aroused as he instinctively directs genital traffic in and out of his spouse's sopping holes.

Elsewhere in the theater, women kneel in peep-show booths, ecstatically devouring anonymous arrays of hard-ons to splashing orgasms. Tiny private rooms contain more intimate, but no less prolific, padded-bench bacchanals. Showers and saunas in an adjoining spa area host all manner of wet commingling and fornication.

Participating in all this flesh-pressing is the expected throng of single men, but they are more than equaled by male-female couples, transsexuals, cross-dressers colloquially known as "t-gurls," and—shock of shocks—bona fide biological women possessing real functioning vaginas

who have not only shown up solo, they've actually paid a full admission price to strip down and hop in on the evening's orgiastic enjoyments.

This scene, improbable as it may seem, is just another typical night at the movies for a devoted and rapidly expanding subculture of carnal adventurers who have turned America's handful of still-functioning adults-only theaters into a thriving network of calculated group-grope get-togethers and spontaneous eruptions of anything-goes, on-the-spot sex. What's maybe most surprising of all: They really want you to get in on all this fucking fun.



CLUSTERFUCK

The fact that porn theaters still exist in this age of on-demand erotica when everyone's phone is essentially a portable smut machine is, in itself, an eye-opener. But they're out there, and some for a very long time (the Cinema Kings Highway in Brooklyn, in fact, is nearing its half-century anniversary as an adults-only entertainment emporium).

The earliest movie theaters to run salacious material in the United States were 1960s "art houses." Often these were just storefronts where "nudie cutie" documentaries about clothing-free naturist resorts were projected onto white sheets, peppered by an occasional high-minded import from libidinally liberated Europe.

By the early 1970s, America's social mores had evolved so that hard-core-porn cinemas successfully pushed the legal limitations of obscenity. The 1972 blockbuster *Deep Throat* spawned a shadow-Hollywood X-rated film industry that dynamically prospered over the ensuing decade, accompanied by a nationwide circuit of full-blown movie theaters to showcase its productions.

Come the turn of the decade, though, home video emerged as the next great entertainment revolution, driven almost entirely at first by a mad rush to buy and rent porn cassettes. At last, the horny masses could safely and secretly consume dirty movies at home. Subsequently, from 1982 to 1986, X-rated theaters were shuttered at pandemic rates, and what few showplaces remained just seemed like curious filth pits for perverts at odds with the times.

As early as 1991, the porn theater was an antiquated notion—a joke, even. After Pee-wee Herman got busted that year for turning one such Florida auditorium into his personal playhouse, the universal reaction was, "Doesn't Pee-wee own a VCR?" Two decades later, in 2012, Hollywood funnyman Fred Willard befell a similar fate at the Tiki, a long-festering Hollywood yank parlor. This time, the most common reaction was to wonder if Willard was too elderly to understand how to look for porn online. But a small, knowing segment of the public instead surmised that something else was going on. Chief among the hip-to-the-hump scene was, and is, a mysterious online overlord who calls himself Dr. Emilio Lizardo.

Named for a megalomaniacal scientist played by John Lithgow in



the 1984 cult film *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across the 8th Dimension*, Dr. Emilio Lizardo is a jaunty, immediately likable New York native turned Midwest transplant who, since 2009, has run the online hub of this new dimension in twenty-first-century sexual revelry, Dr. Emilio Lizardo's Journal of Adult Theaters (DrEmilioLizardo.blogspot.com).

Lizardo describes himself as "a national sales and marketing guy [who works for] a Fortune 50 company by day." He looks to be somewhere in his forties and, amusingly, he really does resemble the mustachioed avatar that represents him on the blog. Movie theaters and sex have been two of Lizardo's most driving lifelong fascinations, and he recalls vividly the initial occasions when those twain did meet. "My first trip to an adult theater was in the mid-eighties when I was still in college," he says. "It was an old place in a rough neighborhood of Buffalo, New York—the Capri Art Theatre. The feature was *Prisoner of Paradise*, a classic starring John Holmes and Seka. I was scared to death walking in by myself, on a rainy, awful fall night. It was weird, it was wrong, and I was hooked.

"My first encounter was at that same theater a few months later," Lizardo continues, "when a couple

had settled into two seats toward the front of theater. At one point, the woman, who was in her mid-forties, looked back at me and motioned me over. I scooted down to their aisle and took a seat next to her. She reached over, unzipped my jeans, and stroked my cock as she did the same to her guy with her other hand. Without a word being said, she jerked me off all over her tan raincoat. My adult-theater cherry was taken. And I was even more hooked than ever."

Traveling coast to coast for work over the subsequent years, Lizardo routinely hit adult theaters across the nation, amassing knowledge and experiences of who, what, when, and where audience members were transferring the images on-screen into real-life action in the aisles. His contacts grew. Lamenting a unifying forum for what Lizardo and his compatriots deem "this thing of ours," he launched the Journal and has been the all-seeing, all-knowing eye at the center of the porn-theater sex storm ever since.

"Recently, I traveled to Philly for a work event," Lizardo says, "and I visited a very popular adult theater in southern New Jersey. The theater announced my visit on their Yahoo! Group. By the time I got there, there were around 20 people in the store



The Art Cinema,
Hartford, Connecticut



15th Ave. Adult Theater,
Melrose Park, Illinois



The Westwood Theater
Private Members Only Club,
Toledo, Ohio

Elsewhere in the theater. Women kneel in peep-show booths, ecstatically devouring anonymous arrays of hard-ons to splashing orgasms.

proper that had questions, and I did a 30-minute Q&A session for them. I met a bunch of very nice people and a very hot couple—hello, Cindy from Delaware!”

Lizardo is more online ringmaster than proprietary catalyst, though, when it comes to dishing on the scene and setting up soirees. “To date, I have had almost 200 unique reporters and over 1,800 reports from the adult-theater scene,” he says. “I’ve only written about 60 ‘House Call’ reports detailing my own adventures. The rest are from other frontline contributors—all those business people, law-enforcement officials, politicians, and soccer moms out there. On average, I publish two to three reports per day, along with event announcements, action photos, upcoming news, and an up-to-the-minute database of active adult theaters.”

Stressing the strictly enforced no-prostitution policy of the venues, the regular, burgeoning presence of single women in it just for their love of the game is a first in the annals of American public-sex practices. Even at the most hedonistic heights of the swinging seventies, females virtually never ventured into erotic play spaces unaccompanied.

Lizardo credits the internet for inspiring the new boldness, both in the porn-theater network and the larger sexual atmosphere of the

times. He’s been pleasantly amazed to witness the changes since organizing events at the Art Cinema in Hartford, Connecticut, and at the 15th Ave. Adult Theater in a western suburb of Chicago.

“In May 2014,” he notes, “the 15th Ave. Adult Theater hosted a ‘Lingerie & Sexy PJ’ party. The event drew 53 couples, and several dozen singles—men, women, and t-gurls. Some were brand-new to the adult-theater scene, and others veterans to this thing of ours.”

“By purposely blurring the lines of a swing club and the adult-theater scene,” Lizardo reasons, “owners of adult theaters can offer an option to adventurous couples that there is another type of venue at which they can fly their freak flag.”

In terms of play spaces and party settings, many of the locales are, indeed, actual movie theaters that project actual porn on actual big screens, some of which have been active for decades. Gatherings go down (pun, as always, intended) in other X-rated businesses, such as adult bookstores and video-booth peep shows, as well.

Flying her freak flag forever at full staff is Piper the Gloryhole Princess. The pretty, petite brunette passionately visits adult theaters equipped with video booths that enable her to

live up to her regal title.

“I grew up in a normal town, with a normal family, and did normal things. I never even had a boyfriend in high school,” Piper says. “I have been into the glory-hole/theater-sex scene—I hate the word ‘swinging’—for 12 years. The man who loves me told me that he wanted to see another man’s cock in my mouth while he filled my pussy with *his* huge cock. So dirty! After this fantasy got me off a few times, he told me that I could do this if I wanted to.”

Piper wanted to. “I started slowly,” she says. “My man would take me to a porn store and we would have sex in one of the bigger booths. Just the thought that men were waiting outside that door for me to let them in would totally get me off. From there, I moved onto having him go into another booth and stick his cock through the glory hole, and I would suck him and pretend that I didn’t know him. The smells of bleach, drying come, and the dirty atmosphere would have my pussy dripping so fast.”

After they posted photos of their practice online, a veteran couple reached out. Following an encounter with the man, both couples hooked up at an adult shop, with Piper leading the woman to a peep-show booth. “As soon as we closed the door, she turned to me and said, ‘I hear your man has a beautiful cock. Can I suck it?’ My pussy pulsed and I answered, ‘Of course.’ His dick was in her mouth in seconds.”

Every variation of partner-swapping sex ensued, with Piper realizing, as she licked another woman’s pussy for the first time, that she’d evolved into “Super Slut,” and that she loved it. Ever since, Piper’s



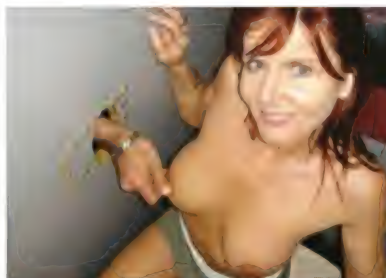
reigned as one of the scene's most prolific suckers of extended appendages, as repeatedly evidenced on her website, GloryholePrincess.com.

Another supreme female porn-theater fellationist is vixen Velvet Skye (above). A MILF porn star in her professional life, Velvet runs a cam site and sucks and fucks at adult theaters for her own edification, defining herself as "a sex therapist helping both men and women with their fantasies, questions, problems, and fears—not to forget 'come slut!'"

Velvet first visited a porn theater with her partner in the early 2000s. After stripping nude and sitting back in a chair with her eyes closed, she felt palms and fingers all over her body. "Someone took my hand and placed it on his hard cock," she remembers. "I just automatically started stroking and told him I wanted him to shoot his load all over my tits. The guys all waited their turn and, one after another, glazed me like a donut! I knew I was hooked."

Velvet alternates between random drop-ins and pre-announced visits, and says, "It's all about the fantasy scene you have in your mind. The guys are very accommodating and will do whatever you ask. And there is always an abundance of guys."

For special occasions, Velvet



announces a time and a theater where she'll be servicing all comers, typically attracting 20 to 40 eager Peters. "I really love the anonymity of the glory hole," Velvet says. "I really do not want or need to see their faces. Stick your cock through the hole, let me stroke you, suck you, fuck you ... then shoot your load and just let the next guy in! It's easy and uncomplicated for all involved except for the wait. I have had events where they actually had to hand out numbers to keep the guys in check. I do spend time talking with the guys before and during breaks. I believe for all who participate it is the mind fuck of just putting your cock through a hole and being able to blow your load. Everyone is there for the same reason. All I ask is that the guys are clean and respectful ... or I will ask them to leave."

Yes, even amid such an air of erotic anarchy, simple rules of etiquette apply, although all involved say they rarely ever need to be spoken. Respect and understanding permeate the scene. Newcomers are usually eased in to the proceedings, many times by some of the lifestyle's most celebrated figures. And despite the licentiousness of the scene, safer-sex practices are usually followed. "Safe sex in an adult-theater environment is facilitated a few different ways," Lizardo says. "In certain adult theaters, condoms are provided free of charge in baskets throughout the theater. In all the other theaters, condoms are the No. 1 seller over-the-counter and are displayed typically in bulk containers since they sell so many, and in many varieties. I have noticed the same approach to safe sex in adult theaters as you will see at swing clubs from the patrons. I wish I had a nickel for every time I've heard a woman ask a potential male suitor, 'Do you have a condom?'"

Jean, 27, and Scott, 33 (not their real names), are a married couple

who broke into porn-theater sex by way of the caring hand (and gland) of Dr. Emilio Lizardo in March 2013. Upon discovering the Journal of Adult Theaters, they were sufficiently aroused to go to a nearby venue, where they witnessed a gang bang in action, prompting them to fuck in a video booth. After reading about herself later as "the hot blonde" who looked on in an account of that night on Dr. Lizardo's site, Jean and Scott took up the lifestyle full-time, increasing their kinks and come-counts with each trip.

To date, Jean's favorite night out took place at a theater in Tampa. "I blew 13 guys and fucked 7," she says, "but the most fun was that I got to call all the shots and had four dicks at my command at the end of the night. It is a departure from normal life, because I am generally soft-spoken and not very commanding. In this setting, I am forceful and get what I want. Scott loves seeing me in this role, and it allows me to live out my wildest fantasies. That's what makes nights like that our favorites."

They also make sure to credit the scene's ruling guru. "Dr. Lizardo has been very helpful to us," Jean says. "Without his website, we probably never would have gone. We'd like to thank him for all he's done."

As the United States redefines its former hard-line societal taboos surrounding marijuana and same-sex marriage, does Lizardo see porn-theater sex making its way toward being just another mainstream erotic option?

"One of my goals for the Journal is to provide a risk-free entrée into the world of adult theaters and the fun that can be had in that environment for couples," Lizardo says. "I hope my site is opening the eyes of people who would not normally engage in a conversation about adult theaters, let alone attend one. It's okay to go inside one. Honest. You just might be surprised at how much fun you could find."

"In five years," he adds, "I hope the adult-theater scene rivals the most popular swing clubs in the country as an outlet for everyone's sexual wild side, with a twist. The adult-theater scene is defined at times by its anonymous nature. My goal is to lighten up the scene, to let couples and singles alike know it's okay to attend an adult theater with your girl, your guy, or another couple. Socialize, and let loose!"

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CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



Manspreading

Is “manspreading” necessary because of male anatomy? A lot of men say it hurts their balls if they can’t sit with their legs wide-open. Are they exaggerating, or is it actually painful?

A quick catch-up may be in order for those who don't routinely take mass transit or spend their days clicking through BuzzFeed and The Huffington Post. In January, signs appeared in New York City subways advising male riders against so-called manspreading—sitting with legs spread wide apart and thereby hogging seat space. “Dude ... Stop the spread, please. It’s a space issue,” the sign reads. It’s part of the Metropolitan Transit Authority’s

new courtesy-promoting campaign, which also takes aim at behaviors like blocking doors and wearing bulky backpacks on the train. Public notices about subway rules and conduct are nothing new, and typically don’t cause a stir.

But the “manspreading” message seems to have tapped a deep well of resentment, mainly among female riders. Apparently, manspreading is rampant, and it bothers women a lot. So many women were happy to see the transit authority taking their side. Some guys, however, are being poor sports. Instead of taking the advice quietly, or quietly ignoring it, they started making noise about their balls.

“We have to manspread because of our anatomy,” they say. “If we can’t spread out, our balls will be crushed.” “Women have no right to complain,” they say, “because they don’t know what it’s like to have balls.” Longtime readers will recall that I’ve written extensively about balls, including my own. I’d say I’m something of an authority on living with balls.

Let’s get the health arguments out of the way first. The testicles are pretty rugged, and there aren’t any common medical problems that make the testicles or scrotum exquisitely sensitive to pressure. After having a vasectomy there’s some tenderness, which I’ve experienced and found to

be only mildly painful and not long-lasting. Very few men in the U.S. get vasectomies, so the chance that any given man on the subway just had one is practically nil.

There is a weak case to be made that sitting with your legs together could harm sperm by heating the testicles. Sitting does raise the temperature inside the scrotum to a point that could affect male fertility, but any effect is temporary. Heat can hurt your soldiers, but they are expendable. After your balls cool off, fresh new recruits will replace them. What's more, you may not realize that sleeping under bedcovers causes your scrotum to heat to the same or higher temperatures than sitting, and for much longer. If you cry bloody murder because your scrotum might overheat on a 45-minute train ride, you probably shouldn't go home and sleep for eight hours under a down comforter. (By the way, if your balls are getting too squished or too hot, you could just stand and give someone else the damn seat.)

Where comfort is concerned, it is true that it's more comfortable to spread your legs when sitting if you have balls hanging between them. It's probably how most American guys like to sit. Go to a stock-photography website like iStockPhoto.com and search for "man sitting." You'll see nice, smartly attired men in offices all sitting with their legs wide apart.

In the privacy of their homes, some men like to spread out even more. When I'm at home chilling on the couch, I manspread like a mother-fucker. Sometimes I like to throw one leg over the back of the couch and hang the other off the side. Just let it all hang out, enjoying life and not giving a fuck, like Jack Nicholson.

But comfort isn't the issue here. It's not about how men like to sit on office chairs or their couches at home. It's about how men ought to sit in a packed subway car, when empty seats are scarce. Often if you want to take a seat next to a manspreader, you either have to ask him to move his leg, or just squeeze in. That's a problem for a lot of people, especially women. In social spaces like subway cars, where people generally don't know one another or feel comfortable talking to strangers, physical size matters a lot. Bigger people intimidate smaller people, and it's a fact that men are generally bigger than women.

A recent study in Oxford, England, looked at how being short influenced


women's attitudes toward strangers in a virtual-reality subway simulation. Women in the study felt more vulnerable and paranoid if the virtual people around them seemed a lot taller. Even though the virtual characters were programmed to look and act neutral, women seeing the virtual world through the eyes of a short person were more likely to view the characters as hostile.

That makes sense to me. I'm not linebacker big, but I'm big enough not to worry about getting messed with, and I'm rarely afraid to ask someone to please move out of my way. But there are two sides to that coin. It's also easy for me to forget that not everyone knows I'm a nice guy, and at times I might intimidate others without meaning to.

Another thing I haven't heard anyone talk about is how men are taught to sit. All those stock photos I mentioned don't really show men being natural. They're posed to show men sitting in a way that's supposed to look "manly." Many men grow up being told that if they sit with their knees touching or legs crossed, they'll look like a sissy. If a guy feels at all insecure riding the subway, how do you think he'll sit? Like a sissy or like a macho dude?

It's well-known that men tend to overcompensate when they're insecure. Everyone assumes that if a guy is driving a Ferrari he probably has a small dick. Right? So why don't women assume that manspreaders are overly self-conscious, afraid of getting beat up, or just new in town and trying to look nonchalant? It may be that, like in the experiment, some women assume hostile intentions on the part of male riders because they're stuck in a confined space with lots of tall men looming over them. Not to mention that girls in the city are encouraged to be paranoid.

Manspreading is definitely not about balls—at least not literally. I think the reason it's become such a hot-button issue is that men who feel insecure to begin with are being singled out as menaces to society. Maybe it's easier for them to say, "My balls are vulnerable, and this hurts my balls," than it is to say, "I am vulnerable, and this hurts my feelings."

Strangers on the train are kind of like snakes or spiders—creepy, but mostly harmless, and not out to get you. I think it would help to add another subway sign that says, "Remember: They're more afraid of you than you are of them." 

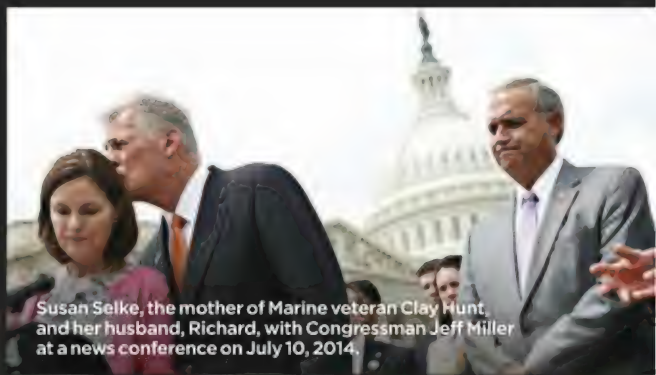
Comfort isn't the issue. It's about how men ought to sit in a packed subway car.



SUICIDE WATCH

After years of loss and thousands of deaths, President Obama finally signed groundbreaking legislation to help prevent veteran suicide.

By Jennifer Peters



Susan Selke, the mother of Marine veteran Clay Hunt, and her husband, Richard, with Congressman Jeff Miller at a news conference on July 10, 2014.



The House Veterans Affairs Committee hearing in July 2014, as congressmen hear from the parents of three vets who committed suicide.

Approximately 22 veterans a day are taking their own lives, surpassing war as the military community's leading cause of death. It's a problem that vets' organizations have been calling attention to for years now, and *Penthouse* covered the subject in this column back in February 2010 ("They Broke Me and Now They Won't Fix Me"). But it wasn't until late 2014 that the issue gained ground with national politicians and the mainstream media, thanks to the proposal and passage of the Clay Hunt Suicide Prevention for American Veterans (SAV) Act.

In a statement after the Senate passed the bill in February, Hunt's mother, Susan Selke, said, "While we are a little bittersweet because it is too late for our son Clay, we are thankful knowing that this bill will save many lives. No veteran should have to wait or go through bureaucratic red tape to get the mental-health care they earned during their selfless service to our country. While this legislation is not a 100 percent solution, it is a huge step in the right direction."

"We thank President Obama for

signing this bill to combat suicide and help curb the veteran-suicide rate," said Paul Rieckhoff, founder and CEO of Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America (IAVA), in a press release. "This bill will not stop every suicide, but it will definitely help save lives. And it's important for all Americans to understand that today is not the end of our fight against suicide, it's just the beginning. We hope this day and Clay's legacy will inspire all Americans to join our fight and work even harder in the years ahead."

The Clay Hunt Act was spearheaded by IAVA; supported by other veterans' service organizations, including Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW); and sponsored by dozens of congressmen and senators from both sides of the aisle. It will require the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) to create a one-stop website that provides all information regarding VA mental-health services; the site also will allow veterans to evaluate mental-health and suicide-prevention programs and make recommendations to improve care, and establish a peer-support and community-outreach program to assist service members who are transitioning into civilian life. The VA also will be authorized to

offer student-loan repayment to psychiatrists in order to recruit more mental-health professionals to work within the VA system.

But the bipartisan bill, which seems innocuous at worst, didn't escape criticism. While the House of Representatives passed its version of the bill unanimously in December, it died on the floor of the Senate, killed by outgoing Senator Tom Coburn (R-Okla.). Coburn, a staunch fiscal conservative, argued at length about the costs associated with the bill—\$22 million over five years. Coburn insisted that certain provisions of the act had been accounted for in the \$10 billion Veterans Access, Choice, and Accountability Act (VACAA).

"The claim that the provisions of the SAV Act are duplicative is simply false," says Aleks Morosky, the deputy legislative director for the VFW. "The new authorities and requirements contained in the SAV Act were not in the VACAA, period. The VFW strongly believes that dealing with the mental and physical injuries of veterans is part of the cost of going to war. The \$22 million and any other spending required to care for veterans' injuries was justified the moment Congress voted to authorize the use of force."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) ALEX WONG/GETTY IMAGES, (BOTTOM) MICHAEL REYNOLDS/EPA/CORBIS

According to a 2014 IAVA survey, 31 percent of the organization's members had thought about taking their own life since joining the military, 40 percent knew someone who had committed suicide, and 53 percent indicated that they have a mental-health injury. The Department of Defense (DOD) says that it's just as bad for active-duty personnel. According to DOD reports from 2013, active-duty service members commit suicide at a rate of 18.7 per 100,000, while the Reserve is at 23.4 and the National Guard is at 28.9.

"Many, many factors contribute to suicide," says Kim Ruocco, the director of "postvention" programs for the Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors, and whose husband, Marine Corps Major John Ruocco, a Cobra gunship pilot, committed suicide in 2005, before a scheduled redeployment to Iraq. Ruocco says, "But dealing with the military, there seem to be more risk factors than in the civilian world. Members of the military are more likely to be dealing with trauma, traumatic brain injury, depression, post-traumatic stress, frequent moves, frequent stressors, untreated behavioral and mental-health problems. Then you have the culture of the military, which really focuses on sucking it up, pushing through, and not asking for help. Then look at the lifestyle. Military men and women get very little sleep, they're exposed to a lot of things in war that a normal person would not have to be exposed to, and they use their bodies at such a level that there's no room for physical injury. So sometimes you have a combination of physical and emotional pain, and they're resistant to getting care or treatment for themselves."

One of the biggest issues facing vets and service members with mental-health problems is the enduring stigma against seeking help. Morgan Carihfield, a combat veteran and professional therapist who specializes in military and veterans issues, says that military culture is part of the problem. "Asking for help could have an adverse effect on your career in the best case, or end it outright in the worst," he says. "Service members seeking help run the risk of looking 'weak' or like they're not carrying their weight in a unit. Additionally, war fighters are deeply attached to their peers and are usually willing

to set aside their own internal struggles and remain silent rather than seek help, perhaps aggravating the trauma."

After leaving the Marine Corps, Mike Liguori suffered from post-traumatic stress, but he was reluctant to seek help. "When I was in the Marines, my command never talked about mental health," he says. "I remember filling out the post-deployment health

screening and checking 'no' for all the questions because I didn't want to look weak or have my command look at me like I was. But not asking for help was what made me weak."

Liguori wrote about his struggle with post-traumatic stress in *The Sandbox: Stories of Human Spirit and War*, and considered the writing a therapeutic act. But when he was finally ready to seek professional help, he tells us, "I often had to go to outside providers

"NO VETERAN SHOULD HAVE TO WAIT OR GO THROUGH BUREAUCRATIC RED TAPE TO GET THE MENTAL-HEALTH CARE THEY EARNED DURING THEIR SELFLESS SERVICE TO OUR COUNTRY." — CLAY HUNT'S MOTHER, SUSAN SELKE



Susan Selke testified about her son Clay Hunt's suicide at length, explaining to congressmen that he had been unable to get help through the VA.



Senator Tom Coburn killed the SAV Act in December 2014.

and pay out-of-pocket because I had to wait 45 days to speak to someone [at the VA]."


"It is a well-known fact in the veteran community that the VA lacks the capacity to meet the demand for services," the VFW's Morosky says. "This was highlighted nationally when the crisis in care and access broke in Phoenix last spring."

Indeed, many veterans have reported unacceptable delays in accessing mental-health services, often having to wait weeks or months before getting an appointment, Carihfield says. Part of the problem, he explains, is that "despite the

fact that some of the most tireless mental-health professionals in the world serve our country and military, they work in an often complex bureaucracy with a heavy workload.

"The most urgent factor is initial evaluation when a concern is identified," Carihfield explains. "In the same manner that getting a soldier from the battlefield to an operating room has a huge impact on survivability, such as it is with suicide. Identifying and addressing a veteran in crisis is a time-sensitive issue, and any improvement in this area will save lives, point-blank. Changing the system to appropriately address

the needs of America's veterans will not be done overnight, but the Clay Hunt Act is a great step forward. It specifically addresses the lack of mental-health providers in the VA system, and more providers will mean more appropriate, focused care in a faster time frame."

But this will not bring an end to the problem. "We have to remember the SAV Act is not an end-all, be-all solution," Morosky says. "It is another step toward where we ultimately need to be. The VFW considers it a down payment on a promise to continue to address this problem until it is solved." 

LEGISLATIVE HERO

Get to know Clay Hunt, the man and marine for whom the new suicide-prevention act is named.

Before he became the poster child for the SAV Act, and before he took his life in 2011, at age 28, Clay Hunt was an outspoken veterans advocate and humanitarian. He served in the United States Marine Corps from his enlistment in May 2005 until his honorable discharge in April 2009. He deployed to Iraq in 2007 and was shot in the wrist by a sniper's bullet, for which he received a Purple Heart. He went to Marine Corps Scout Sniper School before deploying to Afghanistan in 2008. After being discharged, Hunt was active with Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America and Team Rubicon, and he worked hard to help others who were suffering.

In a statement read before the House Committee on Veterans Affairs in July 2014, Hunt's mother, Susan Selke, had this to say about her son: "Clay was consistently open about having PTS and survivor's guilt, and he tried to help others coping with similar issues. He worked hard to move forward and found healing by helping people, including participating in humanitarian work in Haiti and Chile after devastating earthquakes.... He also starred in a public-service advertising campaign aimed at easing the transition for his fellow veterans, and he helped wounded warriors in long-distance road-biking events. Clay fought for veterans in the halls of Congress and participated in Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America's annual Storm the Hill campaign to advocate for legislation to improve the lives of veterans and their families."

Before signing the Clay Hunt Act into law, President Obama spoke about the man who'd inspired the legislation, the success of which he certainly would have championed: "Clay Hunt was a proud Texan.... He loved the outdoors, he knew every inch of his grandparents' ranch, where he fished and hunted all year long. A decorated marine, he served with distinction in Iraq and Afghanistan. He suffered physical injuries that healed, and he suffered invisible wounds that stayed with him. And, by all accounts, he was selfless and he was brave. And when he died in 2011, it was a heartbreaking loss for his family, his fellow Marines, and our nation. Because Clay had already done a great deal of good in the world—and the truth is, he was just getting started."

WHERE TO GET HELP

There are many resources available to veterans and military families.

Veterans Crisis Line

The Veterans Crisis Line—the subject of the recent Academy Award-winning documentary *Crisis Hotline: Veterans Press 1*—allows vets to call toll-free and receive immediate assistance 24/7, and is one of the most recommended resources by both veterans service groups and mental-health professionals. If you need to talk to someone now, call 800-273-8255 and press 1, or chat online at VeteransCrisisLine.net.


Military OneSource

This clearinghouse of resources for military veterans can help you with everything from filing your taxes to mental-health counseling. In addition to phone and online counseling, you can speak to someone via video chat or face-to-face. Call 800-342-9647 or visit MilitaryOneSource.mil.

TAPS

Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors is a one-stop resource for families who've lost a service member or veteran to suicide, and offers everything from phone and online counseling to grief camps and mentors for children, plus support groups for surviving spouses. Visit TAPS.org.

U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs

While the SAV Act has not yet been enacted, the VA provides a number of mental-health services at many of its local facilities. For information on what services you qualify for and what's available in your area, visit MentalHealth.VA.gov. 



Todd Francis



THE TALE OF LIBRARY GIRL

Once upon a time, in the land known as the Pacific Northwest, a comely coed filmed an adorably sexy video in her college library. Clips of this delectable damsel flashing her gorgeous tits, hiding her naughty tushie out from passersby, and seemingly daring herself to increasing heights of explicit exploration enchanted viewers—and the video took the Internet by storm. When Library Girl was revealed to be Oregon State University student Kendra Conrad, a star—and a Penthouse Pet—was born. Even better, Kendra has set up shop in her own corner of the internet. www.kendracnrad.com.

Photographs by Tammy Sands





"My favorite sex positions are reverse cowgirl and doggie-style. That should help if I live out my fantasy of joining the Mile-High Club."








"I don't have any fetishes, unless spanking counts. My favorite kinks are dirty talk and touching each other in public when nobody can tell what you're doing."





"My idea of a perfect date is going to a carnival or an amusement park. That would be a date I'd never forget! Plus, we could have some fun on the rides."

A blonde woman with long hair is sitting on a stone ledge outdoors. She is wearing a red and grey varsity jacket that is open, revealing her midriff and breasts. She is holding a smartphone in her right hand and looking towards the camera. The background shows some greenery and a stone wall.

"If I could have any job
in the world, I would
be an adult-toy tester.
Sounds pleasing, huh?"
Now we know what
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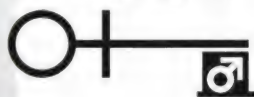




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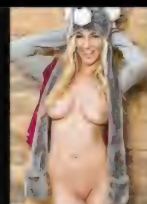
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OF KENDRA SUNDER, AND MAY 2015 PET OF THE MONTH



Tell us about you:
1932-1936, 8' 8"
10 years old

Home town:
Savory, Oregon.

**What's a thing about you
that's different?**
It's not only in the summers, taking
trains, but every time I see
them.

**What's the best thing you
ever did?**
American Honor School.

Your favorite movie:
This is the End.

Your favorite food and drink:
Pasta, meat, and beer.

**What's the best of music
anything but country?**

**What music gets you the best
reaction?**
"Sister by Rihanna and "Pump"
by Britney.

What's your job now?
I've traded away job, and have just
about every half-past mind these days.

**What do you do in your spare
time?**
I'm a teacher.

**What's the most remarkable
experience you've ever had?**
A thumb up sign during sex. I'd never
seen it in real life.

**What gets you the best
reaction?**
The urge to put railroad and pigs
against a wall... but every time I
think about it.

Call my sexy friends!
1-800-SEXY-PET
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HACKING YOUR SEX TOYS

By Damon Brown

PHOTOGRAPH BY BAUER MEDIA/PICDESK

We're used to watching out for nasty viruses via sex, but in the future we'll have to protect ourselves from computer viruses, too. Your sex toys are to blame. Chances are, they have—or will have—some type of internet connection.

This is the year of the "Internet of Things," a fancy term for our household objects speaking to the web, to us, and even to one another through a wireless bond. Believe it or not, we now have "smart" refrigerators that text you when the milk goes bad, intelligent toothbrushes that detect plaque, and super thermostats that pick up your heating habits. One smart-thermostat maker, Nest Labs, was acquired by Google for \$3.2 billion, showing that the Internet of Things is serious business.

The Internet of Things also allows us to plug into a partner, whether real or virtual, in a burgeoning field called "teledildonics." Imagine having a porn star on your screen and a tongue toy mimicking her movements, or satisfying your long-distance partner with a Wi-Fi vibrator controlled by your mouse. Teledildonics has been around for years, if not a couple of decades, but our hyper-connected future is bringing it from the fringes into the mainstream.

Assuming you don't want the whole internet in your living room, we may need a new level of "safer sex." For instance, the firm Pen Test Partners did tech-security tests on toys from the teledildonics company Lovense. The firm did rigorous—*ahem*—testing and found serious security leaks in the equipment, namely that there was no reliable encryption of the user data. In short, you could easily log in to someone else's account and see what acts they were doing and with whom. Another possibility is a stranger hijacking control of the device and having nonconsensual cybersex with the person on the receiving end.

The startup Lovense quickly said it was updating its security with higher criteria, but it still reflects a bigger issue we'll be dealing with in the future. According to sex and tech expert, and head of San Francisco's Arse Elektronika festival, Johannes Grenzfurthner, teledildonics only scratches the surface on how much we depend on technology for our



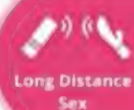
intimacy. "On one end of sex and tech, we have the Internet of Things and teledildonics. There is also the majority of our sex and tech communications, like sexy videos through Skype. People are now saying, 'What if my Skype calls are being intercepted? I don't want them to get their hands on my info.'"

In fact, Skype is probably the most wholesome medium nowadays. The billion-dollar photo- and video-sharing app Snapchat is popular because it reportedly deletes our content after the viewer sees it, but even it got heat last year for holding people's content on its local servers. Now upstarts like WeChat, Silent Circle, and other services pride themselves on keeping our private calls under wraps. Some are so private, they promise *they* can't unlock our content—even if the government comes calling.

"With the NSA scandal, there is an emergent interest in privacy, particularly with online communication, and the general public has a dire outlook,"



Our app allows you to give control to someone who is miles away. Simply have that person download the app and you "add" them as a friend. You can then give them permission to control your toy from THEIR phone.



Know someone who isn't a toy? You can turn up your toys and they will respond based on the movement of the other person. If he thrusts into Max, Nora will begin rotating. If she moves her hips, Max will start pumping.



Control your Nora or Max toy with our free app. Super simple set-up to turn your smartphone into a remote control. No more worrying about low quality remotes breaking! Play with your phone in one hand and your toy in the other!

Grenzfurthner says. "They are either, 'We're all monitored all the time anyway, so I'll just go on living my life,' or, on the other side, privacy activists fighting for a more secure internet. With the debate going on in the public, it is also drawing attention to private uses of the internet."

Kind of like "safe sex," the only way to have completely "secure sex" is to not use internet-friendly sex toys at all. Review the terms and conditions agreement that comes with a new toy before getting busy with it. Also, do an online search to see if there have been privacy or security issues with a company before you buy its product.

Good, old-fashioned vibrators, classic video recorders, and other potentially kinky toys may still fit the bill for now, but don't be surprised if your lover begins asking for something a little bit more connected. And then the preface to a potentially steamy night might not be "Do you have protection?" but "Do you have good internet security?"



AWESOME 3 SOME

How our intrepid—and lucky—reporter pulled off the perfect ménage à trois.

By Grant Stoddard



I walked out of the hotel bathroom to see Erica, a 24-year-old beauty I'd met in person an hour earlier, and Maria, the 30-year-old ex-NBA cheerleader I'd married the previous year, completely naked in a sixty-nine position on the bed.

Maria looked up at me while gently tracing circles around Erica's clitoris with the tip of her tongue, smiled, and, with the slightest nod of her head, invited me to get involved.

Inside, I was reacting like a cartoon wolf, whistling and stomping my feet, but I played it cool on the outside. I even took a moment—before diving in, of course—to ruminate on what, against all odds, I appeared to have done: I had engineered the perfect threesome.

Here's how it came together: Not too long ago, I wrote a book about my life as the world's least likely gonzo sex columnist. It was called *Working Stiff: The Misadventures of an Accidental Sexpert*, and, for the first few years after its publication, I would occasionally receive email from people saying that they'd enjoyed reading it. The email I got from Erica, who lived in Montreal, included a line about how I should look her up if I was ever coming to her town. That led to a flirtatious and long-running correspondence between the two of us.

At first, I didn't allow myself to believe that the author of these

increasingly raunchy emails and the beautiful, tall, slim brunette in the pictures she began attaching to them were one and the same. *Could such a person really exist? Was I being punked? I was probably being punked.*

At the time I had no plans to visit Montreal, a city inconveniently located about 2,300 miles from where Maria and I live, in Vancouver. And convincing Maria—who had also become interested in me after reading my book (good idea, that book)—that I needed to make such a self-indulgent trip would have been a tough sell at that point in our relationship. But the possibility that this dream woman existed and was interested in actually fucking the likes of me—yet was tantalizingly out of reach—was nearly too much for me to bear.

How could I make this happen?

During my very first phone conversation with Erica—a call I'd placed primarily to assuage my strong suspicion that she was too good to be true—it hit me: "So it's my wife's 30th birthday in a few weeks," I began hesitantly. Erica had already seen plenty of pictures of Maria and had commented on her attractiveness, sexiness, and palpable charisma. Then I went for it: "She's always wanted to have an experience with another woman, and I was wondering how you'd feel about me flying you out here for a weekend."

"I'd be her birthday gift?" she asked.



Inside, I was reacting like a cartoon wolf, whistling and stomping my feet, but I played it cool on the outside.

Was that bad?

"Um ... yeah," I ventured, trying not to make it sound like a question.

Several dramatic beats passed, and then she finally said, "I think that's a great idea. I'd love to."

While my heart launched a kind of Mardi Gras parade, complete with trombones and drunken revelry, she continued, "I've never been in a threesome, or with another girl, either, and I've always wanted to."

Now, I'm the sort of person who agonizes over *necessary* purchases, but, somehow, buying a stranger a plane ticket for a weekend-long ménage à trois that very instant didn't seem rash at all; it seemed like the perfectly logical thing to do. So I did it. Erica was still on the phone when she received her flight-confirmation email, and she squealed with excitement.

I felt on top of the world. All that needed to happen now was to get the birthday girl on board.

Knowing only that I'd organized a surprise for her, Maria agreed to clear her calendar for the weekend in question. At first, I thought about greeting her with an in-the-flesh Erica, but I eventually decided to give her fair warning a couple of weeks in advance. That way, she'd be able to veto the idea in the event that I'd overestimated her interest in the situation. If, on the other hand, she was as receptive as I thought she might be, the heads-up would allow her to enjoy the anticipation as the weekend drew closer. She'd be able to prepare herself mentally and physically.

"Oh, my God, you did that for me?" she asked as I unveiled my plan. I'd printed out some of lithe, beautiful Erica's pictures and made a sort of 2-D trailer for the upcoming tryst.

Maria pored over it. Then she teared up, put her hands over her heart, and gave me a bear hug. It was the sort of reaction you'd expect to get after giving your significant other a trip to Paris, or a Golden Retriever puppy, or a ring. If there was any lingering doubt that Maria was the woman for me, it vaporized

that very moment.

"Yeah, for you," I said as I held her tight. "And a bit for me, too."

Indeed, the situation was an emphatic win-win-win. Maria had always wanted to have a threesome with another girl, Erica had always wanted to be a "unicorn"—the slang term for a single bi female who plays with a couple—and, in addition to getting to commingle with two beautiful naked girls all weekend, I solved the problem of how to celebrate my wife's 30th birthday in a way we'd both remember—hopefully positively—for a long time to come.

Maria committed to the event wholeheartedly. She spent time researching the perfect venue for our rendezvous, settling on a newly opened boutique hotel in downtown Vancouver. She booked a Brazilian wax, picked out some fun, sexy underwear, and buzzed with excitement as we checked into the hotel an hour ahead of Erica's arrival.

Our visitor had neither a webcam nor a smartphone, and so until I saw her long legs striding toward me at the arrivals area of Vancouver International Airport, I was still not sure she wasn't a figment of my imagination. But not only was Erica real, she was also even more beautiful than she'd appeared in her pictures.

Speeding toward the hotel in the back of a cab, though, she quickly rebuffed my attempt to make out with her. A wrench in the works? Far from it: "We have to wait until we get to the hotel," she said sternly. "Because if we start this now, I'll end up fucking you right here." (At this, the cabbie looked up, and he and I briefly locked eyes in the rearview mirror.) By way of proof, she hiked up her skirt, took my hand, and placed it on the damp crotch of her underwear before purposefully returning it to my side. From our emails and phone chats, I'd gathered that Erica was a highly sexual person, but her intensity was like nothing I'd ever experienced in person before.

Twenty minutes later, we met

with Maria in the hotel's posh bar and ordered a round of drinks. As the girls flirted excitedly, I looked around and wondered if anybody had the vaguest idea what the three of us were up to.

"Do you want to get something to eat?" Maria asked Erica.

"Not really," said Erica, and pointed upward—toward the junior suite I'd stocked with champagne on ice, snacks, condoms, lube, and other party favors.


I terminated our tab with extreme prejudice.

After pouring the girls some bubbly, I walked into the bathroom and gave myself a long, hard look in the mirror. "How the fuck did you pull this off?" I asked my reflection. I didn't know the answer then, but in hindsight I've come to realize that a big part of it was that I'd made this event as much about fulfilling my wife's and our guest's fantasies as my own. *It truly is better to give than to receive*, I thought as I exited the bathroom to the sight of them going down on each other with abandon.

I joined them, and we entertained our every whim; everything we'd ever previously thought of doing, as well as a host of things that occurred to us in the moment. Maria's small hands enabled Erica to sate her curiosity about being fisted; I enjoyed the thrill of having my cock in Maria's pussy with Erica's hot tongue in my ass; and, with the help of a strap-on we'd purchased for the occasion, Maria experienced a reasonable approximation of what it's like to wield a penis and slide it in and out of three sorts of very receptive holes.

And that was just the first hour or so.

The length of the engagement meant that we could stop, take breaks, and take turns snapping photos. We could also go out to eat, and show Erica, who had never been to Vancouver before, a little of our city. My favorite excursion was to a Finnish-style bathhouse in which patrons can rent completely private saunas. I risked an early death taking them both on in there, but if it had come to that, well, there certainly are worse ways to go.

A lot of little things went right over the entire 72 debauched hours, but the great success of the weekend was due to the fact that all three of us were equally excited about—and invested in—the prospect of fulfilling this fun, sexy, playful fantasy. That's what made it come off perfectly. 



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UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE OF

Pet of the Year
2015

SOPHISTICATED LADY

Layla Sin, our August 2014 Pet of the Month, is so much more than a pretty face. The 30-year-old Israeli beauty is intelligent, articulate, outgoing, and charismatic. She speaks three languages, is always dressed perfectly for the occasion, and charms everyone she meets. Is it any wonder she's our 2015 Pet of the Year?
Photographs by Tammy Sands






“Since I became a Pet, my life is way more exciting and full of surprises. I’ve been very honored to be with *Penthouse*, and being Pet of the Year will be even more exciting. Plus, now I get recognized everywhere I go!”



Pi of the Year
2015



Pet of the Year
2015

A full-page photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a white sailor's cap with a gold emblem and a black band with yellow stripes. She is nude, adorned only with several gold chains around her neck and a red and white striped bracelet on her right wrist. She is sitting on the white steps of a boat, with her legs spread wide. She is wearing bright red high-heeled pumps. The background shows the white and blue striped structure of the boat's cabin. The text "Pet of the Year 2015" is in the top left corner, and a quote is at the bottom left.

“I’ve been traveling nonstop around the world since my *Penthouse* centerfold, doing photo shoots and appearing at conventions and clubs. I’ve been crazy busy, and I’m loving every minute!”





"I recently appeared at the new Penthouse Club in Perth, Australia. They wanted me to perform three shows, but the club owner and manager loved it so much they gave me three more. They said they were ready to adopt me."





Pet of the Year
2015





“It was my first time stripping, so I took the challenge and made it the best I could. It was really sexy. At one show, there were so many bills on the stage that you couldn’t see the floor underneath. The people there were amazing.”



A high-angle, close-up photograph of a woman lying on her back on a wet, tan-colored pool deck. Her legs are bent and raised, with her feet pointing towards the top left corner. Her skin is wet and glistening. A quote is overlaid in the upper left quadrant. The pool deck has a grid pattern of dark lines. In the top left corner, a blue metal fitting is visible.

“Eye contact is a must for me to like a sex position. I love any position where I can look into my partner’s eyes. But that doesn’t mean I can’t be crazy or kinky. I once let a guy I didn’t even know give me head in a nightclub.”

Pet of the Year
2015



SEE MORE OF LAYLA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



SHEILA KENNEDY

24 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

By Sam Phillips

It takes a superior class of woman to be selected Penthouse Pet of the Year. It's a title that only one Pet is awarded annually, and every year our Queen embodies our magazine's highest standard of sex appeal. With the honor comes a responsibility to represent the magazine and the Penthouse brand with the sass and class our fans have come to expect from *Penthouse* and its models. If one goes through a stack of old magazines, they're like time capsules, with each Pet of the Year layout a reflection of the beauty, glamour, and (bush) style of that year.

Sheila Kennedy, our 1983 Pet of the Year, was shot for the magazine twice by Bob Guccione, using his signature soft-focus photographic style. During that time, and over the following decade, Sheila lived in

Guccione's mansion—twin town houses that had been combined to form Manhattan's largest personal residence—with Bob, his wife Kathy Keeton, and Bob's son Nick.

Sheila's currently shopping a tell-all memoir she's written, called *No One's Pet*, about her life before and after becoming Pet of the Year. She also appeared on the ninth season of the hit reality show *Big Brother*. But her greatest joys come from her charity work and her son, Mikhail. An avid runner, Sheila competes in annual 10k races and half marathons, including the Reality Rally fundraiser in California, which benefits the breast-cancer resource center Michelle's Place.

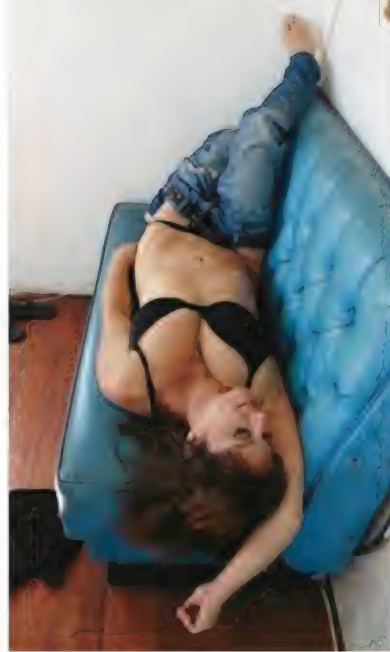
To keep up with Sheila, follow her on Twitter (@SheilaKennedy) and on Instagram (@sheila_bugs).

1. I was a sleepwalker as a kid. I would go to the neighbors' house and ring their doorbell until they woke up.
2. I don't sleep in the nude. (See No. 1.) But I love to have sex in the morning!
3. I was the oldest female contestant ever to appear on *Big Brother*. In season nine, I made it down to the final three.
4. I started running marathons at 46 years old (I'm 52), all for charity. I still run half marathons and 10ks.
5. I'm terrified of roller coasters and the ocean, and I'm very claustrophobic.
6. I'm addicted to coffee, and my weakness is Ben & Jerry's Coffee Toffee Bar Crunch.
7. I love eating sushi or chicken tacos with a cold beer.
8. I dig playing pool and darts at dive bars, but the smell of tequila makes me sick. Oh yeah, did I tell you I love beer?



9. I've been told I'm a great cook. My favorite dish is a pasta recipe that Bob Guccione taught me when I was living in the mansion.

10. My favorite thing to watch on TV is the Food Network. The chefs are rock stars. My favorites are Michael Mina and Marc Forgione.



11. I really dislike macaroni and cheese. As a kid I never liked milk, and today I only drink rice milk.

12. When I was a teenager, I used to cut my own hair, and my sister's hair, too. I was the first one at my school with a David Bowie haircut and a streak in the front.



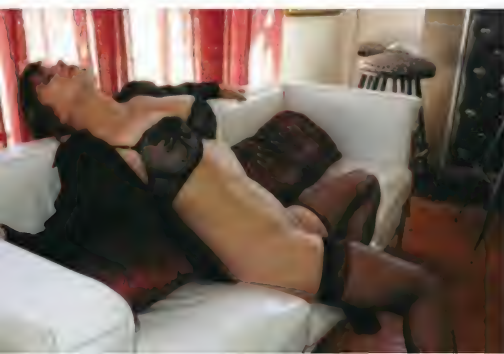
13. I was fat as a kid, and got made fun of by the mean girls at school. After becoming Penthouse Pet of the Year at 23 years old, I wondered, Who's laughing now?

14. I'm not a fan of scary movies, but I love mob films. *The Godfather* and *Goodfellas* are my all-time faves.

15. I did a movie with Johnny Depp where we had to make out in a scene, but it was cut because they needed to get a PG rating. BTW, Johnny Depp's a great kisser.

16. Growing up, I had a huge crush on Rod Stewart.

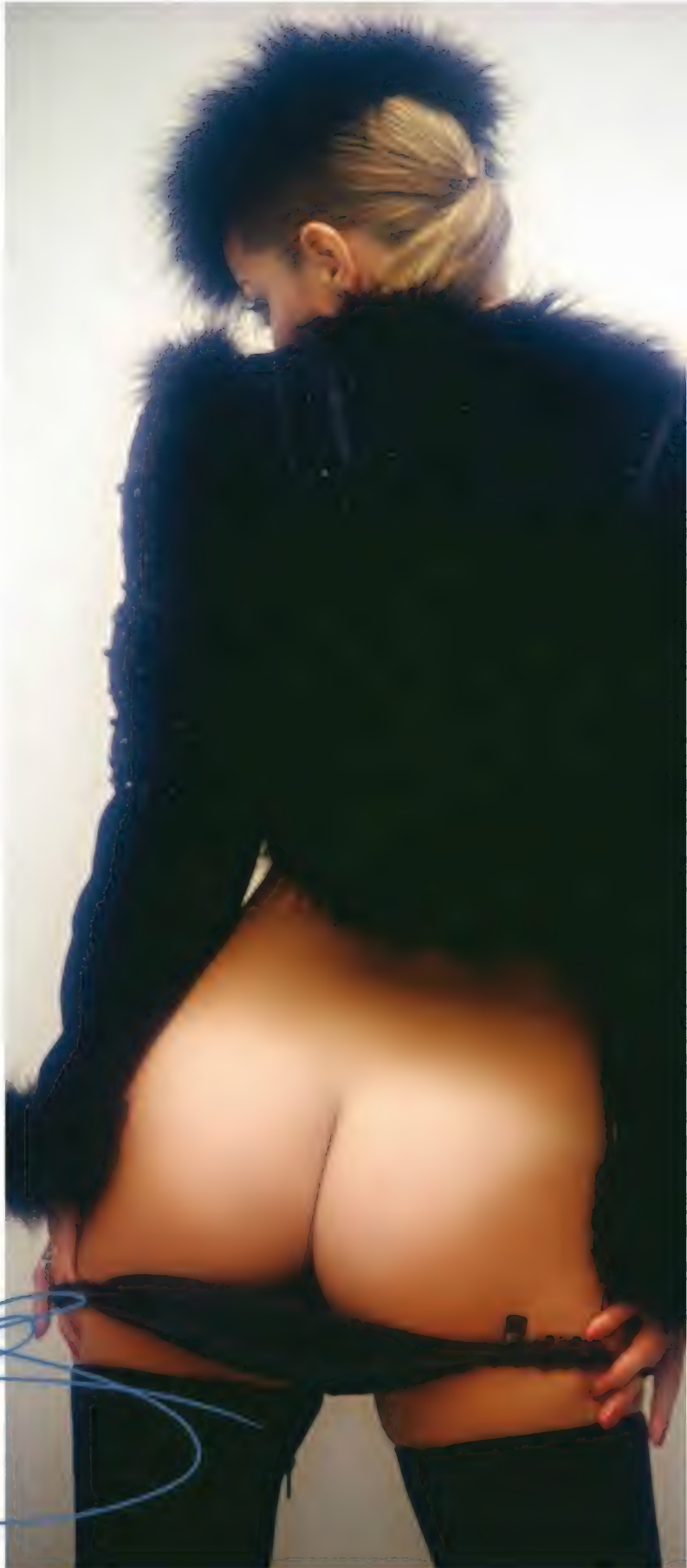
17. When I was a teenager, I wanted to grow up and sing just like Stevie Nicks. I actually am a really good singer, and I'm great at karaoke.



18. When I lived in the Guccione mansion, I used to listen to Frank Sinatra day and night on a little transistor radio in my bathroom.
19. I only listen to hip-hop and rap music when I work out.
20. I want to sell all my possessions and move to Greece—I love men with accents!
21. Bob Guccione shot my *Penthouse* centerfold layout all over Europe. My favorite place to shoot was Paris.
22. I'm a proud mother! My son has started his own skateboarding company, Drag, and he does his own graphic nude photography for his boards.
23. I've never been married, but I do believe in love and marriage, and want to get married in the future.
24. If I weren't in the entertainment business, I would be a therapist or a forensic scientist. My favorite TV shows are *Forensic Files*, *Dateline ID*, and *Snapped*.



Shirley Kennel





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THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE OZ

We're steaming up Australia's west coast with a Penthouse Club in Perth, the newest addition to *Exotic Dancer's Club Chain* of the Year in 2014.



Jewell Tyler, Ashlee Adams, Nikita Sage, Paris la Moore, Scarlett Morgan, and Tanika West

When you think of Australia, you probably think of Sydney's iconic Harbour Bridge and Opera House, or the celeb-studded shores of Bondi Beach. But on the other side of the continent, you'll find an even hotter destination—the first Australian Penthouse Club, located in the laid-back city of Perth. Perth is just a few miles from the

Indian Ocean, and boasts beautiful beaches, killer scenery, and stunning women. Best of all, the city is still a bit under the radar, so you won't have to share its spoils with tons of tourists. Perth was also home to the wildly popular Xotica nightclub chain, so we knew it was the perfect place Down Under for us to call home.

As fate would have it, Xotica owners Derek Mason and Lilly Merendino

were looking to take their brand to the next level. Teaming up with Penthouse was the ideal solution: In a well-planned, whirlwind three-week remodel, the local hot spot was transformed into a first-class entertainment venue bearing the world-famous Penthouse brand. "A lot of people will be pleasantly surprised when they see the kind of quality our great city has been missing," says Merendino. Mason

adds, "It took months of planning and off-site manufacturing of seating, electronics, wall treatments, et cetera, to be able to put the pieces of the puzzle together so quickly."

The Penthouse Club has been decked out with luxurious details and high-tech amenities that put it in a class above the competition. One of the most innovative features is a second-story skybox with privacy glass that can be turned on and off with the push of a button, so revelers inside can either watch the girls on the stage below or enjoy some clandestine action of their own. If someone wants to get a little closer to the club's Key Girls, the lower level offers private dances and champagne rooms. (And if it seems as if gorgeous girls are simply appearing out of thin air, you can thank the club's unique fog screen.)

There are two levels of VIP membership: Gold members get free entry, a free guest, and a free drink; Platinum members get a ton of extra goodies, including a \$100 weekly bar card and free entry to Penthouse Clubs worldwide.



Perth Key Girl Vanity



2013 Australian Pet of the Year
Paris la Moore

The club celebrated its grand opening in January with a kickoff party hosted by five Australian Pets of the Year: Jewell Tyler (2010), Ashlee Adams (2011), Nikita Sage (2012), Paris la Moore (2013), and Tanika West (2014). And the ladies felt right at home, having all worked as Xotica performers. Along with April 2013 Australian Pet of the Month Scarlett Morgan (who can be seen in all her glory in this very issue) and the club's sexy Key Girls, the Pets welcomed guests and put on an amazing show. As an added bonus, guests had the chance to sample the new line of Penthouse wines.

The crowd was a mix of new faces and longtime Xotica regulars who were excited to see the club's transformation. Jeff Stoller, director of Global Club Licensing for Penthouse, flew in from Miami for the grand opening. He says, "Perth is a terrific city; Derek and Lilly are superb operators; the girls are beautiful. The combination is sure to provide some topflight hospitality and entertainment." La Moore, who's worked at the venue for several years, adds that she expects customers to keep coming back for the welcoming atmosphere and top-notch service. "They're treated like special guests," she says. "Everyone's taken care of."







SPRING FLING

Scarlet and Staci are ushering in one of the most wonderful times of the year: the season of tiny tops, short shorts, and miniskirts. Lucky for us, they take us along on their sexy sojourn in sensual satisfaction.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens













SEE MORE OF SCARLET & STACI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





Oral Sex Makes You Powerful

Our sister website, AdultFriendFinder.com, is providing a sensual, steamy, and stimulating way for its Gold members to increase their sexual skills, as well as their sexual satisfaction. This month, we've got a special oral report.

By Ava Cadell, PhD



Everyone knows that power is sexy. Just ask any famous politician who's been caught in a sex scandal. But did you know that when it comes to sex, oral pleasure possesses some of the hottest power dynamics imaginable? Using your mouth to make your lover climax gives you a heady combination of raw sex, intimacy, and control that is unparalleled by any other sexual experience. Many men and women agree that giving can be even hotter than receiving, because it's such an aphrodisiac to control your partner's orgasm.

BLOWJOB BASICS

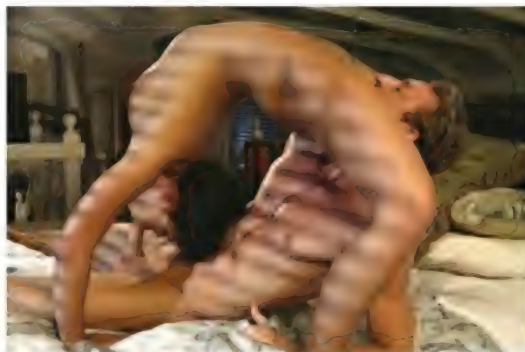
When a woman gives a blowjob, she's got ultimate power, holding his pride and joy between her lips and teeth. I'm always quick to point this out to women who say they don't enjoy fellatio, because it flips any notions of subservience that might have been ruining the experience of giving. Instead, a woman should remember that her lover has handed over his most intimate organ, and she's in control of his destiny. That can make a woman feel downright empowered and sexy—to the point of having an orgasm by *giving* head.

Tips on how guys can get more oral from their partner:

1. First and foremost, you have to give oral sex to receive it.
2. Bathe, then trim or shave your pubes to give her even better access to your junk.
3. Praise her on how good she is at performing oral.
4. Avoid pushing her head down.
5. Don't come in her mouth without getting her permission in advance.

Beyond-the-basic techniques for her:

1. Flick the sensitive spot under the head of the penis (the frenulum) with your tongue while gently fondling his jewels.
2. Try shaking and wiggling his penis in your mouth to add more playfulness.



3. Eye contact and a smile drive many men wild, because enthusiasm can be even more important than skill.

For other amazing tips, including advice for deep-throating and tea-bagging, check out the Sex Academy Ultimate Oral Pleasure course and video.

CUNNILINGUS 101

Receiving oral sex is the best way for women to reach orgasm and experience ultimate sexual satisfaction. It's also an opportunity to increase the odds of a dual orgasm and become her sexual hero. But she needs time to get aroused, so the best place to start is with deep, wet, passionate kissing, as male saliva transfers testosterone into her mouth and can boost her sex drive.

Tips on how women can get more oral from their partner:


1. Treat him to blowjobs often.
2. Groom your vulva so it looks pretty and its scent is fresh.
3. Tell him how much you love it when he makes you come orally.
4. If all else fails, sit on his face. Then praise him in graphic detail when he makes you feel good, and be responsive with your body.

Beyond-the-basic techniques for truly erotic cunnilingus:

1. Make out with a woman's vulva as if it were her mouth, licking the strip between her anus and vagina (the perineum) on your way to her clitoris.
2. Her clit has 8,000 nerve fibers, so don't chew on it. Lick and suck gently first, then move on to more aggressive sucking.
3. As her arousal builds, lift her buttocks and draw her closer for deeper pressure and pleasure until she reaches her orgasm.
4. There's a lot to explore—like her U spot (urethra), G spot, and A spot (anterior fornix)—in terms of adding additional stimulation with fingers or toys, not to mention anilingus, which is oral on the anus (for either of you, actually).
5. Some women can have multiple orgasms, so her climax doesn't need to signal the end of the experience. In fact, going down on her and bringing her over the edge can elicit eager anticipation for more—more oral sex, more intercourse, more of whatever you might want next.

I'm often asked to suggest erotic oral-sex positions that induce orgasms, and my go-to suggestion is, of course, the sixty-nine. You can do it lying side-ways, standing up, or with either of you on top—and there's always the possibility for simultaneous orgasms. You can take a break if there's too much going on for you to give and receive pleasure at the same time, but the mutual focus keeps you both erotically engaged and invested in body-melting climaxes.

In my *Sexy Little Book of Sex Games*, I include dozens of unique ideas on how to make oral sex even more fun. You can make bets on everything from how many deep-throat strokes she can handle to how many letters of the alphabet he can lick on her clit before she climaxes. She can toss panties on his "flagpole," and he can "paint the fence" with his tongue—games that ensure more than just a lick here or there.

Find the erotic dynamic that giving oral pleasure brings to your love life, and let it empower your sexual experience. 



Dr. Ava Cadell is a world-renowned sexpert with a masters in human behavior and a PhD in human sexuality. She is president of the American College of Sexologists International and the founder of Loveology University, a media therapist, a global speaker, the author of nine books, and the Sexual Health Expo's Sexpert of the Year.



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PROFILE

Age: 23
Height: 5'2"
Bra size: 32A
Home state: Minnesota

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: Two years

"I always wanted to come here and experience this. I knew it was going to be a lot of fun right from the beginning. Even my first client was a breeze. We got along really well and just had a good time together. It was exactly what I was expecting."

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"I mostly get single men, but I'm really good with couples—and I love getting them. The best part about having a couple come in is that I get to have fun with both of them, but they usually want me to spend more time with the woman, and that's exactly what I want, too. Sometimes I even get couples where the guy just wants to watch me with his wife, and I really love when that happens."

"The only thing I won't do is have anal sex. I like anal play, though. Really, I like anything. I'm always interested in trying new things, especially freaky things—the freakier the better! One of my dreams is to have a bald midget ask me to pee on him."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"One of the big things I've learned since I've been here is how to squirt. I'd always been curious about it, and one of the girls here finally taught me how to do it. Now I'm an expert, and I have clients who come just to watch me squirt."


"One of the coolest things is that I can do tricks when I squirt, like shooting really high or really far, or aiming in a certain direction. Guys love that. And I do, too, because squirting gives me an incredible high. It makes me feel so good!"

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"I love big orgy-style parties, and one of my wildest involved five girls and a couple of guys. We were all having a good time, fooling around and laughing. But the best part is getting to 'compete' with the other girls over who can make her guy come first or fastest. I give the best orgasms, though, so I always win."

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"The biggest thing I've learned at the Ranch is how to communicate better, and I think that's something more people need to learn. Communication is key, especially when it comes to having good sex."

"I think being good in bed is a natural talent, but you can definitely learn to get better. For men, I think most of them just need to take their time and remember that it's not just about their pleasure. And women need to learn how to ride their men. Get comfortable up there in the saddle and you'll blow your guy's mind." 



"Although I can be submissive, I'm usually very aggressive, and I love fucking people. I'm always eager to use a big dildo on a woman or a strap-on on a guy."



PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON • INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL • COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

CLOSET BONDAGE

Joe and I had only been together a year when he uncovered my secret desire. We were getting ready to go out to celebrate a promotion for him and a passed nursing-school test for me. Somehow, in a flurry of excitement, I spilled some loose powder makeup all over his crisp white shirt.



I stood by my closet as he took off his now-ruined shirt. My heart pounded so hard, but between my legs I was wet and desperate. I'd always wanted to be put in my place by my man.



He pushed me to my knees, and I went willingly. My pussy was so wet that I felt like I had to move or I'd die. Joe rummaged around behind me and I tried to see what he was doing.



Eyes front. Now tell me you want it or I leave, and we won't have our celebration.

Want what?

When he faced me again, he had my longest scarf.



To make it up to me.

Yes.

He pushed his hands into my hair. When he yanked, it was just enough to make me gasp, just enough to make my cunt throb with need.



Yes, what? You can do better than that.

He let me go and used the scarf to bind my arms up over my head. High enough that I couldn't use them, but low enough that I wasn't in pain.

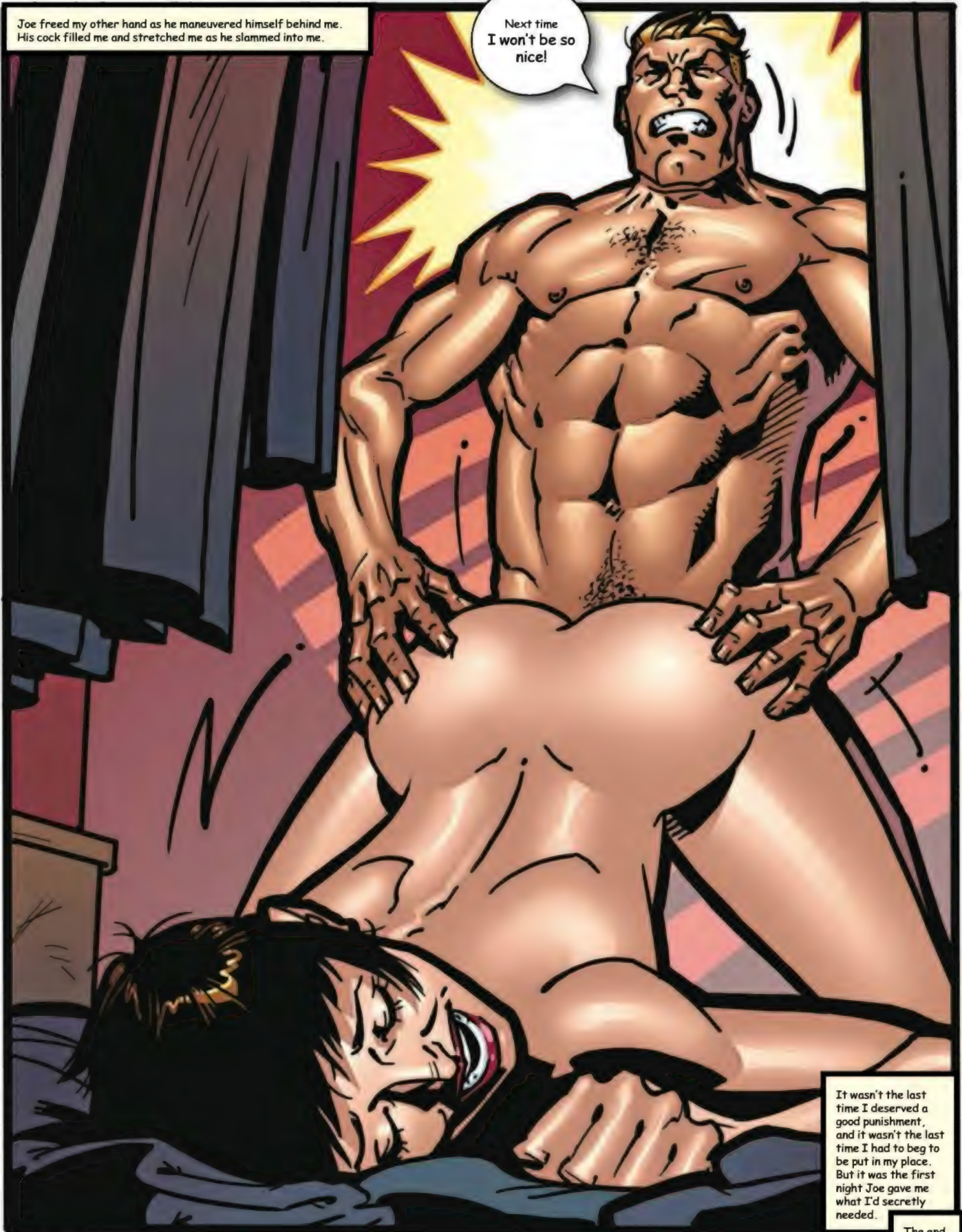


Yes, I want it—I want to make it up to you.



Joe freed my other hand as he maneuvered himself behind me. His cock filled me and stretched me as he slammed into me.

Next time I won't be so nice!



It wasn't the last time I deserved a good punishment, and it wasn't the last time I had to beg to be put in my place. But it was the first night Joe gave me what I'd secretly needed.

The end

A close-up, artistic photograph of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair sitting at a piano. Her right hand is visible, resting near the keys, with a small tattoo on her forearm. She is wearing a black and white top with a large, textured, circular detail. The piano is dark wood with white keys. The lighting is soft and focused on the woman and the piano.

SCARLETT

SCARLETT FEVER RELAPSE

In May 2014, we introduced you to April 2013 Australian Pet of the Month Scarlett Morgan, and now we find ourselves with a burning desire for a new visit with the busty 30-year-old. One glance at these as-yet-unpublished photos will be all the explanation required.

Photographs by Cassandra Keyes





"My favorite place to have sex is at my apartment—all around my apartment—from the comfort of my bed or couch to the fun vibrations of my washing machine."





"Do I play sports? Do wet T-shirt competitions count? Seriously—I'm learning how to surf, which is perfect. I live right on the beach."





"I love being onstage. But once during a XXX show, a guy tried to shove a lollipop in my arse, which is not where it goes. And if it were, I would put it there myself."



"Besides modeling, I work as a dominatrix. Basically, people pay me to dominate them. It could be a little spanking or humiliation, like a guy cleaning my house in lingerie. It's so much fun for me!"



SEE MORE OF SCARLETT AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).





■ Service With a Suck

"Do girls your age still give blowjobs?"
Brendan asked.

I was startled by the directness of his question, even though he'd warned me that his query could be considered inappropriate. But we'd spent the entire evening troubleshooting one catering problem after another at his company's event, and developed a very comfortable rapport, so even though he was the client—and a repeat client at that—I felt comfortable answering. "I think so," I replied. "Last I checked, anyway. Why do you ask?"

Brendan studied me for a moment before telling me that his last few dates that had gotten to the physical stage had ended with a handjob. He said he didn't know if it was because younger women didn't give blowjobs, or if maybe he'd just had some really terrible dates. "And they really were terrible," he said. "If you can't carry on a decent conversation, you should at least give a good blowjob."

I have to say, I agreed. And because Brendan was incredibly hot, and I was hugely attracted to him, I offered to redeem my generation. I've always had a thing for older guys, and at about 40, Brendan was quite a bit older (I'm 26). Fortunately, we were finally done for the night, so Brendan took care of everything. After stopping to let my boss know how great I had been that night, he said he needed me to help with some end-of-party stuff in his office. My boss caught my eye and smiled, and I knew we weren't fooling her, but hey, she's the one who'd said to make sure I kept him happy.

Brendan led me away to take me to his office, which was a few floors up. I tried to make a move in the elevator, but he wouldn't let it happen. For a second, I thought I'd misread the situation and he really was going to have me take care of some catering errand. But as soon as we were in his office, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his hard cock, giving me what I was waiting for.

I immediately dropped to my knees and pulled the head of his dick into my mouth, laving the tip with my tongue. A drop of pre-come had already formed, and I savored the deliciously salty treat before sucking more of his shaft into my mouth. As I pulled him in, I rolled my tongue around the underside of his cock, tracing a zigzag

I felt his cock throb and several spurts of come shot down my throat. But I wasn't done yet.

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pattern along the thick, throbbing vein on his shaft. Each time my tongue crossed the pulsing ridge, it seemed to pump harder, and I knew I was proving my skill.

When Brendan's dick was far enough in to hit the back of my throat, I stopped for a few moments and just held him there, the very tip of his cock lightly touching the farthest reaches of my mouth. He tried to thrust himself in further, but I wrapped a hand around the base of his shaft and held him steady, keeping him on edge. He moaned loudly when he realized he wasn't going to get what he wanted, but I knew it felt good to him either way.

When he finally stopped trying to thrust into my mouth, I rewarded him. Still holding steady where we were, I stuck my tongue out as far as I could, pressed it firmly against his cock, and dragged it all the way down his length, forcing the top of his dick to press against the roof of my mouth. The pressure was more than enough to drive him crazy, and I felt his cock throb hard before he shot several spurts of come down my throat.

But I wasn't done yet. After I swallowed his load, I started bobbing my head and sucking hard on his cock. At the same time, I stroked his shaft and groped his balls, and the combination was enough to keep him from going soft. Before his cock even had a chance to get flaccid, I had him rock-hard once more, and I kept up the suction and stroking until I brought him to a second spewing climax.

The whole thing was over in about 15 minutes, but Brendan seemed more than pleased to find out that, yes, girls my age still give blowjobs. In fact, he was so pleased that he took me home after the party and returned the favor ... several times over. If only all my catering gigs ended on such a high note!—*J.R., Pennsylvania*

Ass Wednesday

A few days earlier, my wife and I had jokingly made a bet, and my reward when I won was anal sex. She'd texted me that morning to say that tonight was the night I would collect my "winnings," since our kids were going to her parents' that afternoon. I barely made it through the rest of the day at work, and had a semi-erection all day. Now I was about to walk in the door, and I wasn't sure exactly how Linda



would greet me, but I couldn't wait to find out.

It was a wet dream come true. Linda was standing in the middle of the foyer, completely naked, bent over the side table where we usually drop the mail. Her plump, round ass was sticking straight out at me, and my dick throbbed at the sight.

I dropped my briefcase and coat and pulled my dick out of my pants to jerk off until I was rock-hard. It was clear that Linda had her own ideas about what should happen next, as she held up a small bottle of lube—she was beyond well-prepared. There are few things as appealing as getting to fuck my wife's ass, but it's rarely the main event. It gets me too hot, too hard, and I just don't last very long. But if that's what Linda wanted tonight, I'd just have to make the sacrifice. I spread some lube over my shaft, then massaged more lube into Linda's asshole.

I positioned my dick at the entrance to her ass and pressed gently, pushing the head past her tight backdoor and into her dark rear channel. She must have been using one of her butt plugs during the day, because she opened up to me more easily than usual, and my dick slipped right inside in one easy thrust. I sank balls-deep into her

I sank balls-deep into her ass and her cheeks squeezed my shaft. It was the biggest turn-on.

ass and felt her cheeks squeeze my shaft, and it was the biggest fucking turn-on in the world.

I took a minute to enjoy the feeling of being wrapped snugly in her ass, and as I did, I realized I felt something in her pussy. She had a toy stuffed inside her cunt, and I could feel it pressing against my dick through her thin inner wall. She'd clearly put a lot of thought into this—she knew that offering up her ass as the main course would result in my coming faster than normal, so she'd made sure she could get off quickly, too.

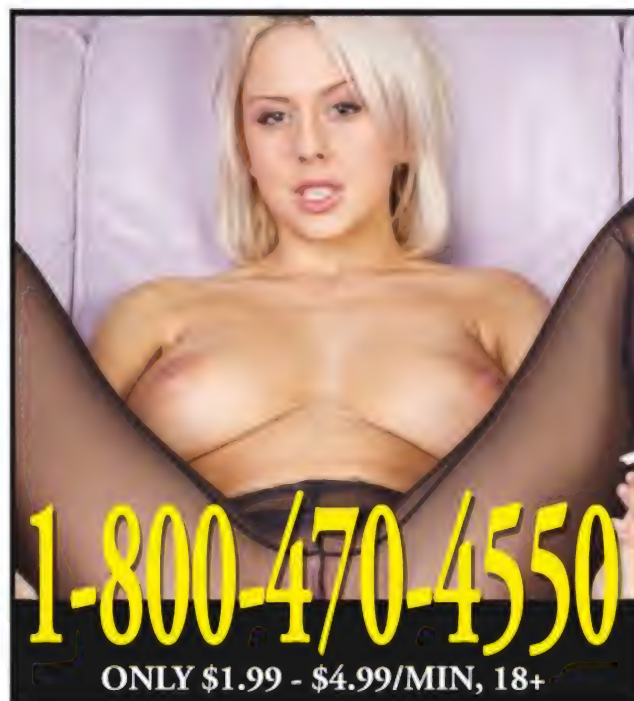
I didn't wait any longer before I started thrusting into her furiously. I slammed into her, my hips slapping against her ass and her hips banging against the side of the table. The harder I fucked her, the harder the table shook beneath us, clapping against the wall and scratching the paint. But if Linda didn't care, I didn't either. All I cared about in that moment was getting us both off as fast and hard as possible.



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I grasped Linda's hips firmly in my hands, digging my fingers into her flesh, and pounded into her ass harder than ever before—and all the while, she just kept begging me to do her harder! I kicked her feet out, widening her stance, and tugged on her hips, pulling her ass out farther and allowing me to go even deeper. Now I bottomed out each time I thrust into her, and she moaned loudly, enjoying the new sensation as much as I did. I kept pumping, and I didn't stop even after I came. I just kept going, waiting for Linda to fall apart with me.

It didn't take long. She was only a dozen or so seconds behind me, and when she came, she came hard. I felt the throbbing and spasming of her cunt even through her ass, and her butt squeezed me tight. By the time I finally pulled out, our combined juices were running down her legs and dripping onto the floor. Then she reminded me that the kids would be home in half an hour. There was just enough time for me to clean her up in the shower and use that toy to get her off again.—D.V., South Dakota

■ Babe in Toyland

Every fall, my favorite sex shop has its annual sale, and I always use it as an opportunity to try out a toy I wouldn't normally buy for myself. I bought my first rabbit vibe on sale there, because I didn't think it would be worth the full price. (I was terribly wrong.) This year, I had my eye on a few things. The item at the top of my list was a stainless-steel dildo that was as thick around as my wrist, and nearly ten inches long. I'd read about it online, and had even seen it in an adult movie, but it was so expensive, there was no way I'd ever be able to justify paying full price.

On the first day of the sale, I spotted it on the shelf with a label that said it was 40 percent off. I double-checked with the girl working the counter, and she said the price was right, but that she'd have to check to see if they had any more in stock. Apparently, they had been selling like hotcakes.

She came back a moment later with a box in her hand and told me I was lucky, as I was getting the last one. I pulled out my wallet and handed her the cash for the toy, then took it from her, not even letting her put it in a shopping bag. I'd been dreaming about this toy for months, and now that it was mine, I couldn't wait to get



Once the toy was slick, I pushed the edge of it between my pussy lips, teasing myself.

home and take it for a test ride.

Back at the house, I went right to the bedroom and took off my clothes. I cleaned my new dildo, pulled out some lube, and lay down and got ready to play. I decided to use my warming lube, and I poured a handful into my palm before smoothing it over the sleek metal shaft of my dildo. I'd read that the toy would hold heat or cold for a while, and I figured the warming lube was a good way to get things started.

Once the toy was nice and slick, I slid the metal against my cunt. I rubbed it along my mound and pushed the edge of it between my pussy lips, teasing myself. It was thick and heavy, and even without being inside me, it made my heart race. But I'm not one to be satisfied by a little teasing.

I spread my legs wide and used my free hand to open my labia. The metal dick was so large that I needed all the help I could get if I planned to penetrate myself with it. It took a little work, but soon I had the head in past my opening and inside my twat. With a bit more effort, I had a good two inches of shiny silver shaft pushed in, and I was ready to let the games begin.

I thrust the toy slowly at first, not sure I could handle its full girth, but with each stroke my cunt grew more accustomed to the intrusion and opened wider, letting the toy slide deeper and deeper. Eventually, I was able to thrust the toy in and out at a steady pace. I'd never felt so full in my life! Each time the dildo slid inside, I felt stuffed and stretched to the max, but in the best way possible. Then, as I pulled out and my pussy tightened around the empty space, I felt a strong desire to be filled again. My hunger for the toy grew so strong that soon I was fucking myself harder than I ever had in my entire 36 years. I couldn't get enough.

I was so on edge that I knew I only had a few minutes before I reached orgasm, and I wanted to make the most of it. I just went for it, banging myself deep and hard. To speed up my climax, I used my other hand to play with my clit, frigging the little nub until it was practically on fire. Finally, just when I thought I couldn't possibly take any more, I came. I cried out loud as waves of pleasure washed through my body, and my orgasm was so strong that I nearly forced the dildo right out of my pussy. I had to hold it tight to keep it inside me, and that only drew out my pleasure. Once again, it had been a very successful shopping trip.—J.N., Maryland

■ Library After-Party

The hour was growing late, but I had to get this assignment completed and turned in before the library closed. Finally, I was finished and the email with the attachment was sent. "Done!" I exclaimed, then quickly looked around to see if I'd disturbed anyone with my outburst. I couldn't see a single person. "Hmm, that's strange. Am I really the last one?"

Suddenly, I realized that the lights were being turned off section by section. I must have missed the announcement that the library was closing. Damn, didn't someone come around and check to see if anyone was still here? As I scrambled to pack up my books and laptop and haphazardly shove them into my bag, I heard a vacuum cleaner come to life in the next aisle.

Just as I turned to go, a man walked up to the carrel in an olive-green cleaning-service uniform. "Chad's Cleaning Service" was embroidered on his left shoulder. "Miss, do you

know the library's closed? I hate to be the one to tell you this, but those doors won't open again for five hours, at the end of my shift. The librarian comes in about 7 A.M., and until then my boss is the only one with the security-access codes."

"Could you please ask him to open the door now so I can leave?"

"He isn't on site at night, especially once the end-of-semester late hours kick in. The only way out before seven is through the fire door."

I was ready to cry ... or maybe scream. How could I be locked in the library all night with the janitor? Just then I noticed the cleaning guy looking at my ample cleavage, which was pretty exposed by the scoop-neck T-shirt I'd hastily thrown on this afternoon. I was way behind on doing laundry, so I'd gone seventies style and skipped the bra. There's nothing like the feeling of those 38Ds swinging free. Maybe this night didn't need to be a total loss. I hadn't gotten laid in weeks, and nothing capped off the joy of completing a killer assignment like a good, hard fuck.

The cleaning guy's scrutiny had my nipples peaking, which turned me on

even more. "So, um, I have a proposition for you," I said. "Something that can help us both get what we want tonight."

I ran my hands slowly up my rib cage, gliding toward my breasts until I could gently palm both luscious caramel globes. As I slowly kneaded and massaged them right before his eyes, the cleaning guy shook his bald head as if he were waking from a dream.

"Do you like what you see?" I whispered.

He raised his hands toward my breasts, then suddenly stopped, as if having second thoughts, and stuttered, "Uh, ma—, ma'am, I don't think this is a good idea. What if my boss finds out? I could get fired."

I realized he needed a little more incentive to help me out. Still massaging my tits, and pinching and rolling my nipples through my T-shirt, I pulled down the front of my top. My breasts spilled right out, and his eyes grew as large as saucers. I noticed the bulge in his pants had grown as well. "You might get fired.... But getting laid is a sure thing."

That did it. He backed me up

against the desk, lifted my ass to rest on the edge, and latched on to a hard chocolate nipple. He suckled me with the ferocity of a hungry pup, sucking and nipping my nipples as he squeezed both tits. My head lolled back on my shoulders as the suction of his warm, moist mouth sent fiery sensations of pleasure straight to my throbbing core.

As his mouth alternated from one nipple to the other, he ground his pelvis into my dripping, silk-clad mound, pushing my denim miniskirt higher and exposing my red thong. The friction from his grinding created an exquisite sensation, causing my clit to harden and my vagina to moisten even more. I was caught in a wickedly delightful maelstrom of sensation.

Mr. Clean pulled aside my thong and glided up and down my pussy with the knuckle of his finger, my juices coating the digit in creamy slickness. He slowly inserted a finger into my tight pussy and I gasped, grinding my hips into his hand to deepen the contact, simulating the fucking I so desperately wanted. His moans were a sign that he was just as affected by the contact as I was.

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Tightening my pussy walls around his finger urged him to insert another. He was now fucking me with his thick fingers, and I felt my cream flow, coating his fingers and dripping onto the desk below.

He looked up and told me that feeling my come drenching his fingers made him desperate to taste the source. He dropped to his knees and licked me from the crevice below my slick mound straight up to the tip of my sensitive clit. Then he sucked my throbbing nub, and inserted his tongue into my snatch like an eager cock, hell-bent on drilling for white gold. His tongue action was so intense that I felt the beginnings of an explosive orgasm.

Mr. Clean must have felt how close I was, because just then he stood and unzipped his fly. Out popped the thickest cock I had ever seen—not that I've seen all that many. The veins were thick and pulsed angrily. The mushroomlike head was oversize and an angry red color. With a grunt, he began to work his way inside my wet pussy. It was a deliciously tight fit.

When he was balls-deep against my pussy, he took a minute to latch on to a nipple. I moaned from the dual sensation of being full of dick and having my sensitive nipples being sucked and pinched. It didn't take much thrusting before I found myself back on the brink of orgasm—then it ripped right through me with a savage fierceness. I screamed, "Fuck, yes!" as loud as I pleased, since we were the only ones present.

Mr. Clean eased up off my tits,

When he was balls-deep against my pussy, he latched on to a nipple. I screamed, "Fuck, yes!"

and I could see the veins bulge in his forehead as sweat dripped onto my breasts. He was close. His thrusts picked up speed and his moans became growls. I could see our reflection in the glass encasement that surrounded the cubicles, and the sight of my outstretched legs resting in the crook of his elbows was hot. Even more so was the sight of his ass muscles as they flexed on every upstroke and penetration. It drove me to the edge again.

His face contorted as he growled one last time, slammed into my drenched mound, and froze as he released steamy stream after stream of hot come into my pussy. As he emptied the last of his spunk into me, his upper body collapsed onto my breasts. After a minute, he staggered back and rested against the glass, tucked his dick inside his pants, and grinned. "Ma'am, I forgot to mention that the alarm on the back fire door is broken. Odds are good that you can leave that way without setting off the alarm."

With that said, he adjusted his pants and left to resume his vacuuming. I slid down off the desk with an equally satisfied smile on my face. I'd gotten my work done and my pussy worked. Seemed like a win-win.—E.B., New York

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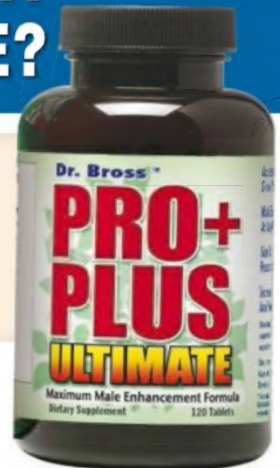


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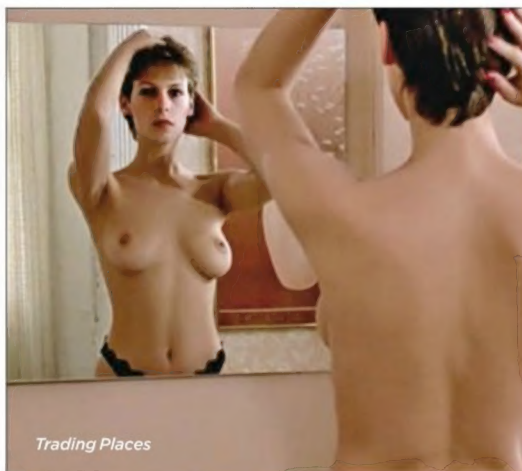
JAMIE LEE CURTIS

Forget those “keep you regular” yogurt commercials and remember this: Back in the 1980s, Jamie Lee Curtis was the movie star with the perfect body.

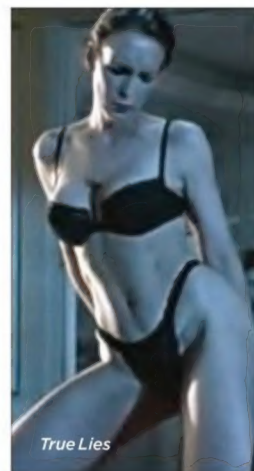


Back in 1985, Jamie Lee Curtis starred in a film called *Perfect*, which probably had an actual plot and wasn't really just about ogling Curtis's aerobics-instructor character, but we'll be damned if we know anything about it besides the fact that the actress revealed her nude tits and ass. That followed Curtis's topless moment in the 1983 comedy *Trading Places*—aka the scene that inspired thousands (millions?) of men to discover the freeze-frame feature on their then-new VCRs—as well as *Love Letters* (1983) and *Grandview, U.S.A.* (1984).

The former scream queen went on to solidify her reputation as a sexy comedic goddess with 1988's *A Fish Called Wanda*, in which her character uses every feminine wile in her considerable arsenal as she attempts to outwit pretty much every man in her life. Sadly, she didn't go topless again there, but she did close out the decade with steamy scenes in 1989's *Blue Steel* (can you say celebrity bush?), before gifting the world with that exceedingly memorable striptease/pole dance in *True Lies* (1994)—not to mention nude scenes in *Mother's Boys* (1994) and *The Tailor of Panama* (2001). It's no surprise that she's in the Hall of Fame at MrSkin.com, and we have to agree she deserves the honor. Curtis has given us all a career full of talented performances, laugh-out-loud comedy, and fodder for spank banks around the world. Who could ask for more? **PHOTOGRAPH BY [unreadable]**



Trading Places



True Lies



A Fish Called Wanda



The Tailor of Panama

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